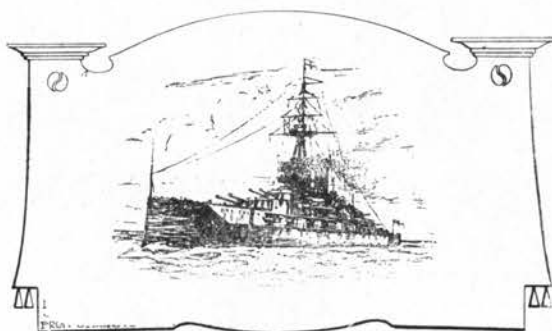


Royal Australian Naval College Magazine

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1914

List of Officers.

EXECUTIVE STAFF.

Commander D. W. GRANT (R.N. re-
tired).
Lieut. Commdr. G. W. S. SETON, R.N.
Lieut. COTTON-STAPLETON, R.A.N.
Eng. Lieut. Commdr. R. C. BODDIE,
R.N. (Act.)
Paymaster J. CROW, R.A.N.
Surgeon J. G. SKEET, R.A.N.
Gunner T. L. DIX, R.N.
Art. Eng. A. E. MARDEN, R.N.
Art. Eng. A. E. CREAL, R.N.

NAVAL INSTRUCTOR STAFF.

C.N.I. Rev. W. HALL, B.A., R.N.
S.N.I. F. W. WHEATLEY, B.Sc., B.A.
D.Sc., R.A.N.
S.N.I. L. N. MORRISON, M.A., R.A.N.
S.N.I. C. R. FRANKLIN, M.A.,
R.A.N.
S.N.I. Rev. F. RILEY, M.A., R.A.N.
N.I. F. B. ELDRIDGE, B.A., R.A.N.
N.I. M. H. MOYES, B.Sc., R.A.N.
N.I.K. HANNAY, B.A., R.A.N.

LIST OF CADET-MIDSHIPMEN.

Chief Cadet-Captain F. L. Larkins.
Chief Cadet-Captain J. B. Newman.
Cadet-Captain E. A. Feldt.
Cadet-Captain J. Burnett.

Cadet-Captain R. B. M. Long.
Cadet-Captain W. L. Reilly.
Cadet-Captain H. M. Waller.
Cadet-Captain N. H. Shaw.

3RD. YEAR.

G. W. T. Armitage.
N. K. Calder
J. A. Collins
A. D. Conder
E. S. Cunningham
J. C. D. Esdaille
H. B. Farncomb
F. E. Getting
L. F. Gilling
P. H. Hirst
E. B. Howells
P. J. Kimlin
J. V. S. Lecky
H. A. Mackenzie
E. S. Nurse
C. A. R. Sadleir
H. A. Showers
H. J. H. Thompson
L. L. Watkins

2ND. YEAR.

D. D. Aitken
P. C. Anderson
J. M. Armstrong
C. C. Baldwin
K. A. Baxendell
F. G. H. Bolt
G. T. Broadhurst
R. C. Casey
A. P. Cousin
P. F. Dash
K. Dudley
G. R. Evans
G. A. Gould
A. R. Hollingworth
I. C. R. Macdonald
O. F. McMahon
H. G. K. Melville
J. W. Morgan
H. H. Palmer
J. F. Rayment
L. E. Royston
R. C. Spencer
A. H. Spurgeon
A. J. G. Tate
W. H. Thurlby
L. J. Towers
F. H. Vail
R. V. Wheatley

1ST. YEAR.

J. Abbott
H. J. Barling
A. D. Cairns
H. E. Carse
G. G. Carter
H. S. Chesterman
C. R. E. Childers
D. J. H. Clarke
L. A. Cusack
R. R. Dowling
S. T. M. Gower
G. A. Hall
F. C. Hodgson.
J. E. Hewitt
B. S. Hore
R. B. A. Hunt
V. E. Kennedy
C. G. Little
J. R. Miller
N. P. Morgan
J. A. V. Nesbit
F. Poppenhagen
W. H. S. Rands
F. T. Rorke
A. S. Rosenthal
R. M. Rowlands
E. F. Selk
J. H. V. Stapleton
E. C. Wackett
J. H. Walker
C. T. E. Willes
D. P. Wines

tons of Bulli soil with which we confidently expect to find good wickets next season. However the ground proved splendid for both Rugby and Association and is big enough to permit both games to be played concurrently. Another ground about half a mile away is still somewhat rough but it has been used for the Australian game. Adjoining this is another playing field which has just been cleared. Two tennis courts for Cadets are nearly completed and there are rumours that three more are to be laid down. The Seamen are provided with a recreation reserve of their own of which a tennis court forms part.

There are ample facilities for boating, for in addition to the Bay itself there are a narrow lagoon, about half a mile long, and Flatrock Creek, both of which are suitable for small boats. Fish are plentiful and during the summer a good deal of fishing with both net and line was indulged in, the chief kinds caught being bream and kingfish.

For those who are keen on walking there are ample opportunities. The beach on both sides of Captain Point is very good, and walks through the bush, which is typically Australian, to the Old Lighthouse, the Hole in the Wall, and to Wreck Bay and St. George's Basin, distant about four miles, are most enjoyable.

The difficulties of getting provisions were at first very great; we are happy to find that these are now disappearing.

Dame Rumour has been busy and we hear that the railway is to be continued to the College, that two new Study Blocks, one on each side of the Laboratory, and three Squash Racquet Courts are to be built, that a steam tender is to be provided, and that the Breakwater is to be lengthened.

Since the appearance of our last issue the complement of the College has been considerably increased. A new entry of Cadet Midshipmen to the number of thirty-two has joined up and there are additional Officers and Men. A

census taken on the 1st of May gave the following figures:—

Officers	17
Cadet Midshipmen	87
Ship's Company ...	78
Civilians (male) ...	12
Women	44
Children	52

Total	287

Lieutenant Commander Elwell landed in German New Guinea on the 11th of September, 1914, with the object of capturing the wireless station at Kabakul. Whilst gallantly leading his men through the dense bush he fell mortally wounded, being shot, it is supposed, from the tree tops. Death was practically instantaneous. Lieut. Commander Elwell was an Australian by birth and was educated at King's School, Parramatta. At the time of the declaration of war he held the position of First Lieutenant at the College. News of his untimely end cast quite a gloom over all of us with whom he was most popular, mingled with a feeling of pride that one so closely connected with the College had been fated to give his life for the King.

Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori.

We have to record with regret the departure of several Officers. Lieut. Pope has gone to the *Sydney*. His graphic account of the destruction of the *Emden*, which appears elsewhere, will be appreciated. Paymaster Trivett has gone to the *Encounter*, and Eng. Lieut. Commander Monk has returned to England. We congratulate him on his marriage and his appointment to the *Acasta*, a destroyer of the latest type. Senior N. I. Smith has retired to take up the vice-mastership of Hutchins School, Hobart. At the outbreak of war we lost the services of Senior N. I. Wheat-

ley, who was detailed off for important work at the Navy Office, and also of Gunner Dix, who was transferred to the *Aorangi*. We are glad to have them both with us again this year.

We extend a hearty welcome to Senior N.I. Morrison who joined up at Geelong, and to Paymaster Crow, Senior N.I. Franklin, N.I. Hanny, Lieut. Seton and Lieut. Stapleton who joined up in February. Also to Senior N.I. Riley, late Chaplain of the *Australia* who arrived during the first leave.

Our congratulations are due to Cadet Captains Larkins and Newman, who have been made Chief Cadet Captains, and to Cadets Long, Reilly, Shaw and Waller, who have been promoted to Cadet Captains since our last issue.

Reports are rife that a contingent of New Zealanders are likely to join up before long. We shall be glad to see them.

We also congratulate Engineer Lieut. Commander Boddie and Lieut. Commander Seton, who have gained their half stripe during the first half of this year.

Before this appears in print we shall have with us Captain and Mrs. Morgan to whom we extend a hearty welcome. We feel sure that their term of office will be profitable to us and we hope, pleasant to themselves.

Since the departure of Captain Chambers in April, 1914, Commander Grant has carried out the onerous duties of Captain to the welfare of the College and his own honour.

The College is gratefully recognizant of the honour conferred upon it by the presentation by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales of signed photographs of His Majesty the King and of himself. These photographs arrived just before the outbreak of war, and have been hung in the Gymnasium and Cadets' Mess respectively.

Our thanks are also due to the Minister of Defence, Senator Pearce, for a particularly striking photograph of the *Emden* ashore on Keeling Island. This has also been hung in the Cadets' Mess.

On March the 25th, the Minister of Defence and the First and Second Naval

Members paid a visit of inspection to the College and expressed themselves well pleased with all they saw. The Governors of New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia paid us a brief visit on April the 25th. in the course of their tour of New South Wales and evinced much interest in the laboratories, workshops, etc.

The Albert prizes for Seamanship and Engineering were won by Cadets Collins, Esdaile, Farncomb and Reilly to whom we offer our congratulations.

The general health of the College, since its removal from Geelong, has been splendid. Not a single serious case has been brought under the Doctor's notice and he certainly is justified in moaning. We feel constrained to add that we have not yet heard him utter a moan, but we are a little apprehensive that we are taxing his patience too much.

We cannot lay down our pen without expressing a wish that all will thoroughly enjoy the forthcoming leave. Let us in conclusion remind readers of the commandment of the great Isaac Zangwill,

"Enjoy thyself."

* * *

DIARY.

1914.

- July 22nd.—Cadets returned from Mid Winter leave.
- Aug. 4th.—Officers v. Cadets (Hockey) Cadets won by 7 goals to 5.
- Aug. 5th.—Declaration of War between England and Germany.
- Aug. 18th.—Cross Country run. Mr. Sadleir takes the cake.
- Sept. 7th.—Started cricket.
- Sept. 12th.—Information received that our late First-Lieutenant, Lieut. Com. Elwell, has been killed in action.
- Sept. 30th.—Cadets proceed on Week's leave.
- Oct. 7th.—Returned to duty.
- Oct. 17th.—Cricket match. Cadets v. North Geelong. They won by three wickets.
- Nov. 7th.—Cricket match. Cadets v. Geelong Grammar School (under 16) An easy win for us by 97 runs.
- Nov. 9th.—German Cruiser *Emden* surrendered to H.M.A.S. *Sydney*.

- Nov. 21st.—Cricket match. Cadets v. Geelong College (under 16). We beat them on their ground for first time.
- Nov. 28th.—Cricket match. Cadets v. Melbourne Grammar School (under 16). Another victory for us by 141 runs, thanks principally to Mr. Reilly's efforts with bat and ball.
- Nov. 29th.—Mr. Reilly puts in a chit for a new Monkey jacket, his present one being too tight round the chest!
- Dec. 8th.—Admiral Sturdee sinks four German cruisers off the Falklands Islands.
- Dec. 12th. Cadets proceed on long leave. Osborne House renamed "Ichabod."
- 1915.
- Feb. 10th.—New entry of Cadet-Midshipmen joined at 10.30 p.m. in pouring rain and a variety of rigs. The straw-hat party were, however, too eager to get to work on the hot cocoa and cold meat to bother much about appearances.
- Feb. 11th.—"Boys of the Old Brigade" came to an anchor in their new quarters. Found they had to sleep on the deck, as the bunks had not yet turned up. Nothing daunted. Settled down in about thirty seconds, having previously carried out the locust-touch in the Messroom.
- Feb. 12th.—"The daily round, the common task."
- Feb. 24th. Cricket 1st Year, Port Watch v. Starboard. Annihilation of the latter.
- March 6th. Cricket. Officers v. Cadets. The former should have won, but didn't.
- March 13th. Cricket. College v. Camp. A win for us after an exciting game, by 25 runs.
- March 16th. Seining expedition, surf bathing and skiff carrying. The fish showed great skill in avoiding capture and thoroughly enjoyed their afternoon's sport.
- March 20th. Cricket, Cadets v. Camp. We won by 6 wickets.
- March 25th. Inspection of the College by the Minister of Defence, the First Naval Member and the Second Naval Member.
- April 1st. Cadets proceed on Mid-Term week's leave (that is to say, a FEW of them did, the remainder being apparently too attached to the College to think of leaving it, even for such a short spell!)
- April 7th. SOME rain.
- April 13. Cadets returned from leave.
- April 23rd. Unofficial visit of their Excellencies the Governors of New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia.
- April 24th. Rugby match. Cadets v. Camp. Won by the Camp after a good hard game by 8 points to nil. Plenty rain.
- April 28th. The three Destroyers, *Yarra*, *Parramatta* and *Warrego* (Flag) anchored off the College. Cadets in the afternoon had the opportunity of examining the business end of a torpedo and of treading on the paint work. The turbines came in for much attention and many wise and thoughtful questions were asked concerning them (especially by Mr. P.J.K.)
- May 8th. Rugby match. Cadets v. Sydney C. of E. Grammar School (2nd XV.). We were defeated, after a strenuous game, by 14 points to 8.
- May 12th. Australian Game. Cadets v. Ship's Company. A win for the latter.
- May 13th. Hockey. Officers v. Cadets. The Officers won by 7 goals to 5, thus avenging their defeat of last year.
- May 15th. Rugby. Cadets v. King's School. They won by a goal to a try, after rather a scratchy game.
- May 22nd. Cadets and Officers v. Ship's Company and Camp. The former won quite easily.
- May 29th. Sir John and Lady Forrest paid an unofficial visit to the College.
- May 29th. Cadets v. Ship's Company. Cadets won by 33 points to 3.
- June 5th. Rugby. Cadets v. Newington College. Newington won by 20 to 8.
- June 7th. Whole day off. Picnics galore. Ship's Company Dance in the evening.
- June 26. Rugby. Cadets v. Sydney Grammar School.
- July 7th. Mid-winter leave COMMENCES.

The Sinking of the "Emden."

(Nov. 9th., 1914.)

The Admiral sat on the Admiral's chair,
 Briton and Russian and Jap were there.

Many a Frenchman, many a pilot,
 Many a Middy (such a shy lot!)
 With a great many more to complete the
 "hunch,"

In sooth' a goodly naval bunch
 And all partook of the Admiral's lunch.
 Never I ween was a shrewder theme,
 Read of in books or dreamt of in
 dream,
 Than this capture-the-*Emden* naval
 scheme.

Out and in, in and out,
 The cruiser *Emden* was hopping about,
 Reported here, reported there,
 Sinking a gunboat or steam yacht,
 Collier, tramp, she sunk the lot,

At length she made for an island fair
 Where a wireless operator sat
 In thin duck suit and Panama hat.

He spied the *Emden* from afar
 And S.O.S'ed to the man-o'-war.
 The cruiser *Sydney*, such a dandy,
 Was on the horizon nice and handy.
 Some nice little seamen with nice little
 gun

We're ready, aye ready, for lots of fun,
 And Captain G..... with a gleam in his
 eye

Said "Now we've the chance I don't see
 why

"We shouldn't be the ship to catch 'em
 Instead of the *Ibuki* or *Chatham*."

"The Day" it came. The *Emden's* game
 Was finished, and the *Sydney's* fame
 Was flashed across the Seven Seas
 To Russian, French and Japanese.

When their Captains heard it, oh didn't
 they curse

In prose and blank and very blank verse.
 They cursed their luck in stoking and
 steaming,

In clearing for action, in coaling, in
 scheming,

In firing, in cruising, in searching, in
 looting,

In trying to find where the *Emden*
 was shooting.

Never was heard such a terrible squall.
 But nevertheless they had to confess,
 That the *Sydney* had made a good job
 of it all.

**Description of the Action between
 H.M.A.S. "Sydney" and S.M.S.
 "Emden."**

BY LIEUT. COMMDR C. J. POPE.

(Lent to H.M.A.S. *Sydney* from this
 College.)

Places, names, etc., are at present
 strictly censored, but no doubt you know
 exactly where it took place.

At 7 a.m. on Monday morning, Nov.
 9th, we got a wireless message from the
 station at—— saying "strange war-
 ship off entrance." We raised steam
 for full speed and proceeded direct for
 the place. By a most fortunate chance
 we were only about 53 miles away at
 the time. At 9.15 we sighted the land
 ahead and a few minutes later got the
 enemy's smoke in sight. They were then
 coming out straight for us, and I believe,
 confidently expected to sink us. Their
 men have since told ours that their
 Captain took an oath to do so, before
 his Ship's Company, should we turn out
 to be the *Sydney*, *Melbourne*, or other
 ship of our own or similar class.

At 9.40 we had approached to 11,000
 yards and we both turned to the North
 and on nearly parrallel but slightly con-
 verging courses. They fired first at
 about 10,500 and straddled us with
 their very first salvo. I didn't notice
 whether any of their first salvo were
 actual hits, but one or two fell about
 twenty yards short and others passed
 very close overhead and hit the water
 about thirty yards over or less. The
 danger space for their guns at that
 range was very small, the shells falling
 at an angle of about thirty degrees.
 Their next salvo was all over us and I
 think nobody can pretend to have felt

very happy at that moment, as we were apparently not hitting: Our first salvo went over them and we came down 400. The next was very wild, some shots passing ahead of them and some astern, and therefore useless for spotting purposes. I believe (they have since told us) that our third salvo scored some hits, but I would not say so from our own observation. Until we started doing obvious damage (funnels, etc.) it was very hard to say whether we were hitting, as the bursting of our shells looked exactly the same as the discharge of their guns (just a sudden belch of flame.)

For the first ten minutes we were being hit and shells were whizzing very close in all directions. During this time they put a shell in our after control. It burst and laid out all the people there, including Lieut. Hampden who was wounded in both legs. This didn't matter much to the ship while the fore control (on Monkey Island) was intact.

At the same time they put a shell through the fore control which hit the range finder, killed the man working it, narrowly missed the Gunnery Lieut who was spotting officer, and passing down through the lower bridge where I was stationed, missed me. It did not burst or it would have finished the control and killed or wounded most of us in the vicinity.

After this, the signalmen on the lower bridge were ordered down on deck, and I sat down in a commanding position on the top of the Conning Tower, which is just before the bridge and connected to it by a platform.

All this occurred within the first ten minutes or so and things were very lively. After that our fire began to have a devastating effect and their shooting correspondingly deteriorated. They apparently kept attempting to close the range but it was no trouble to us with much superior speed to keep our distance, where the superiority of our guns was most telling. At 10.5 we took the foremost funnel out of her and shortly afterwards there was an explosion followed by dense masses of

smoke and a raging fire aft. About then she got so enveloped in smoke as to be completely obliterated and our men started cheering and leaving their guns, being under the impression she had sunk. They were induced to carry on with some difficulty (probably most of them temporarily very deaf) and when the smoke cleared away, the *Emden* was seen to be more or less intact, except for one funnel and a fire aft. In the next half hour we took out all her funnels and her foremast which came down very slowly. During this time her firing was very intermittent and very wild. Their controls were gone and guns were firing apparently with the same deflection now (when we were on similar courses) as on the last occasion of their firing, when we were on opposite courses. By 11 a.m. she was absolutely done for, on fire nearly all over and making towards an island where she beached herself at 11.20.

We then ceased firing and confined our attentions to pursuing her merchant collier which had been standing off during the engagement and was now in flight to the N.N.W. This ship was the British Admiralty collier *Buresk* which they had captured and manned with a prize crew of eighteen Chinamen taken from a Blue Funnel liner. On overhauling her we found she had opened and broken up the flooding valves so that we could not save her, so we took off all the people on board including an English steward and cook of the original crew, and left her to her fate. The *Emden* had of course been previously using her best Welsh coal with great effect. During the action she omitted no smoke from her funnels even when they were gone, while we had clouds of it.

We then returned at slower speed to the *Emden*. We found her colours still flying so we lay off a fair distance and asked her by international flags "do you surrender." She replied by morse flags in English, "No signal books." We then made the same signal three or four times by morse flags, and they made no reply, kept their colours flying and showed no white flag. This

wait lasted half an hour or more. We couldn't tell at the distance whether they had got any guns in action and weren't trying to entice us within closer range and Rahilly (the Gunnery Lieutenant), the First Lieut. and myself were egging on the Captain to finish her off and take no risks, for which he accused us of being very bloodthirsty!

Eventually we had to, and we gave them about ten more shots which played absolute hell with her, one alone killing about thirty men. Of course their Captain was responsible for this useless waste of life in not hauling down his colours before, as he might have done. They then showed a white object and sent a man aloft to haul the colours down. It was then getting late, so we sent a boat in with the officers and men taken from the *Buresk* to inform the *Emden* we could do nothing that night but would return next day and render every possible assistance. Meanwhile we had another job as the *Emden* that morning had landed an armed party to destroy the W.T. on another island fifteen miles away. We could not go there either in the dark, so lay off until daylight and sent a party ashore to deal with them. They found that the Germans had collared a schooner and all available food, etc., and cleared out, we do not know where. So we returned to the *Emden* and embarked their crew, about 190 left of whom about 80 were wounded. We reckon we killed outright about 200 as she was well up to full strength in spite of various prize crews still away.

The ship was a shocking sight, all her funnels and foremast down, and her decks, and fittings distorted bits of scrap iron, with mangled corpses in all directions, and many floating in the water.

We took the whole day to get them off, the wounded having a bad time in spite of all care. By nightfall we had embarked them all with the exception of a few who got ashore on to the island. We sent a party ashore to look for them and bring them round to the lee side which was the only possible landing place, so that they would be

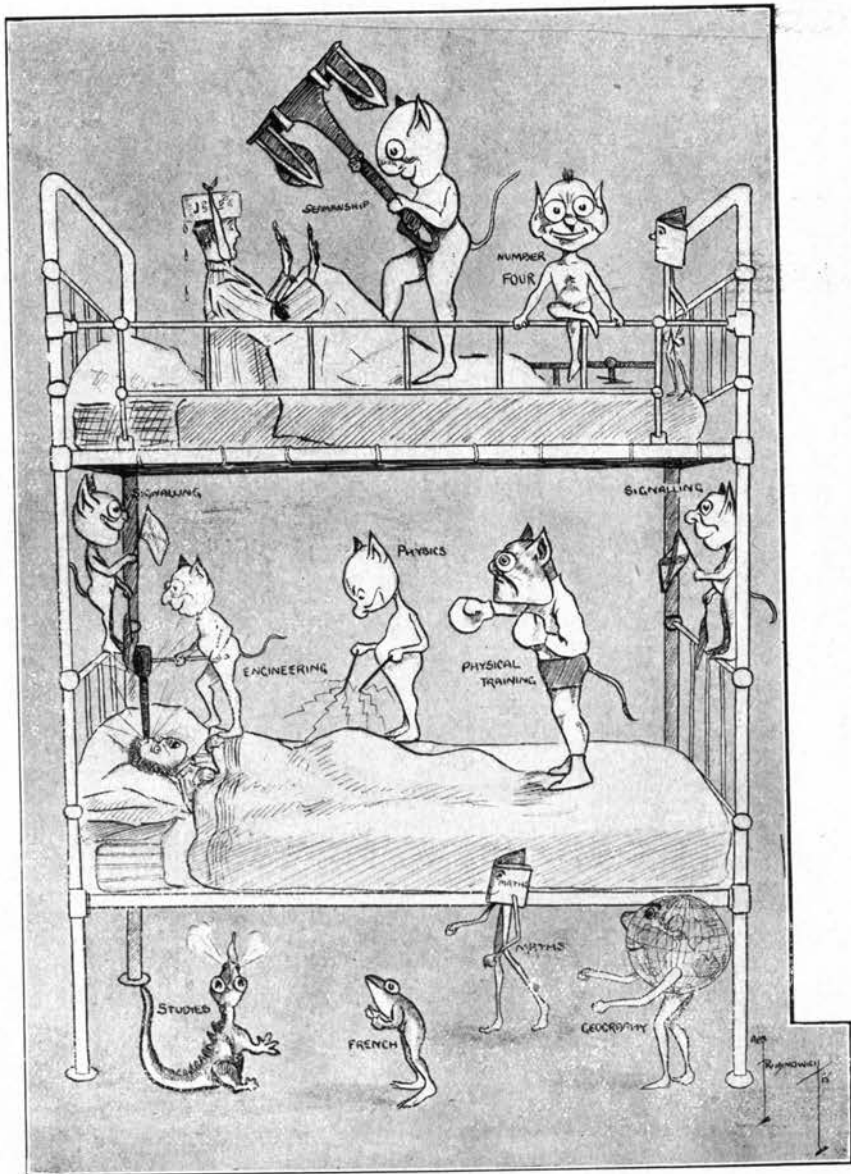
ready by the morning. By the time they were rescued some of them had been thirty-six hours in the heat without a drink in very hot weather. There were cocoanuts on the island but apparently some of the men were in a part where there were none or who were too wounded to get them. Among these was one of their Doctors who told his men to give him salt water to drink, assuring them that as a doctor he knew it would be all right. They were foolish enough to do so, and he went mad and died.

The Germans seemed to have extraordinary vitality, hanging on to life with the most appalling wounds. Also we had picked up men at sea who had been floating about for from eight to ten hours.

After this our ship was practically a floating hospital with wounded crowding the decks, Wardroom and Sick Bay. To look at us you would think we had never been hit. There is a small hole in the ship's side in the First-Lieutenant's cabin next to mine and a few holes and dents in the deck elsewhere but nothing much to notice from the outside. A shell went through the Fore-castle and flooded the mess deck below, as, doing twenty-five knots at the time, we were taking over green seas. But it was quite as well as the sea automatically extinguishing any fires. Our armour plate kept a shell out of that most important place, the Wardroom pantry! Another one put its nose through the Chief Stokers' Mess and fell back again into the sea. Our mainmast was nicked and another shot would have carried it away and given our friends an unpleasant time with the extinction of our wireless. Many of their shells, like the one I have mentioned, failed to burst. Had they done so, the damage and loss of life would have been much greater. We fired altogether about 600 shells, all Lyddite and they say they fired all they had, except a dozen or so, about 1000.

I hope this account will be of interest to Officers and Cadets. Wish everyone a pleasant leave.

C. J. POPE.



The Night Before the Exams.

Conundrum.

Was Gilling getting Getting's shilling or was Getting getting Gilling's? If Gilling was put in the ledger as Getting, and Getting as Gilling, and Gilling was eligible for the shilling and Getting was not, Gilling should have got the shilling that Getting got.

We think that Gilling did get the shilling but gave the shilling to Getting. If the shilling really belonged to Gilling he shouldn't have given it to Getting.

Did Gilling get the shilling or did Getting get it?

The Third Year.

Now all the second Year Cadets,
And all the first Year too,
Are given preference to us
In everything we do.
(But of course we're only the THIRD Year.)

Cadets of these just mentioned Years
Get all the best of fun,
But when there's any work to do,
By third Year it is done.
(But of course we're only the THIRD Year.)

For if there's furniture to shift
Or any real hard work,
It is Cadets of other Years
Who are allowed to shirk.
(But of course we're only the THIRD Year.)

And when we all go sailing
Upon the deep blue sea,
We're not allowed to go alone
For drownèd we might be.
(But of course we're only the THIRD Year.)

For we're the "Bally Limit"
And "Dairymaids" you know,
We do not sail but drift on rocks
And off we've got to row.
(But of course we're only the THIRD Year.)

The gaiety of nations
Will be added to I fear
When we get served with porridge
Before the Second Year.
(But of course we're only the THIRD Year.)

For one thing we are thankful,
That is, WE SWIM ALONE!
And when the glorious leave does come
Our fate we'll not bemoan.
(For after all, we ARE the THIRD Year.) —"Omega."

Result of the Cross Country.

	Handicap.
1 Mr. C. A. R. Sadleir, time 33 min. 10 secs. (passed 36 Cadets)	1 min.
2 Calder (passed 36 Cadets)	1 min.
3 Cunningham (passed 0 Cadets)	6 min.
4 Newman,	scr.
5 Reilly	2 min.
6 Royston	2 min.
7 Long	30 min.
8 Thompson	2 min.
9 Mackenzie	1 min.
10 Dudley	30 sec.
11 Collins	scr.
12 Aitken	6 min.
13 Feldt	1 min.
14 Nurse,	scr.
15 Palmer	2 min.
16 Hollingworth	2 min.
17 Larkins	30 sec.
18 Watts	2 min.
19 Kimlin	4 min.
20 Towers	2 min.
21 Bolt	6 min.
22 Evans	2 min.
23 Burnett	1 min.
24 Kelly	2 min.
25 Watkins	2 min.
26 Lecky	6 min.
27 Baxendell	4 min.
28 Waller	1 min.
29 Gilling	4 min.
30 Howell	2 min.
31 Conder	4 min.
32 Baldwin	2 min.
33 Broadhurst	6 min.
34 Casey	2 min.
35 Thurlby	2 min.

	Handicap
36 McMahon	4 min.
37 Armitage	6 min.
38 Melville	2 min.
39 Spencer	1 min.
40 Shaw	2 min.
41 Getting	2 min.
42 Vail	1 min.
43 Gould	1 min.
44 Armstrong	2 min.
45 Cousin	2 min.
46 Farncomb	30 sec.
47 Esdaile	2 min.
48 Spurgeon	6 min.
49 Wheatley	4 min.
50 Tate	2 min.
51 Rayment	30 sec.
52 Morgan	6 min.
53 Showers	30 sec.
54 Dash, time, 43min. 30sec.	6 min.

Points scored by Second Year, 519 (for first 25 runners)

Points scored by First Year, 759 (for first 25 runners).

A win for Second Year by 240 points.

A Few Days in the Antarctic.

By M.H.M.

I notice in my diary that it was September 4th, 1912, when we got out of our bags after a night during which the temperature had dropped to 75 deg. below freezing point Fahrenheit.

The call of "Breakfast ready" may sound very pleasant at times, but when it is followed by "shake a leg, you chaps, it's five o'clock," the feeling of pleasure is decidedly lessened, and is absolutely non-existent when it means leaving a warm sleeping bag for a temperature of a good number of degrees below zero.

The cook may enjoy it; he has had to crawl out half an hour previously to light the primus, and measure out the pemmican, so that with his fingers now at a reasonable temperature, he cheerfully waits till his companions have made certain that the hoosh is ready, and emerge from their bags. We had been sledging for two or three weeks, and as the winter blizzards were still

on, had only been able to do 100 miles, but our leader decided to leave our Depôt where we were and push homewards, as we had another Depôt to lay before starting on the long summer trip.

We were on the glacier about nine miles from its juncture with the ice clad land, and seeing signs of rock where the glacier had broken away from the land, we set off to get some specimens, as it was the second time we had seen rock in seven months.

We reached the outcrop at about 3 p.m. and after much trouble managed to knock off a few pieces of rock.

It was beginning to blow heavily, and with all signs of a blizzard, we had to think about a camping place. The neighbourhood was very crevassed and as travelling over ice in that condition is dangerous in a high wind, we looked about for a snow patch and found one about a quarter of a mile from the land edge.

Troubles soon began. The wind increased to a heavy gale, and we had the tents blown down twice before we could bank them up with 4 or 5 feet of snow needed to hold them for the night. Then when we had finished chow-chow and were getting ready for the bags, we heard a noise that lifted our hearts about two feet! There was no mistaking it, although we had never heard an avalanche before, and it sounded so close to us that we wasted no time in getting out. The other tent-hold had beaten us out, but we could see nothing for the thick cloud of snow caused by the fall, so we moved off without delay from the land. When it was all over, we hurried back (as moonlight walks in the snow in stockinged feet are unpleasant) and finding the tents intact, turned in to dream avalanches.

It was a wild night, but the tent held till 7 a.m. when it suddenly ripped from top to bottom just as Dr. Jones was preparing to get the breakfast. We guyed up the other tent but soon saw that it must go, so the three men inside let it down, while Jones, Wild and I went to look for a more sheltered spot. The wind was gusty and we frequently had to throw ourselves down and get

a grip on the ice with the ice axe, and Harrison who had come from the other tent to help, was blown 50 yards before he could grip. From the first we had no hope of finding a better place as it was impossible to get our gear to windward, and to leeward it was heavily crevassed and the lads were too weak for camping, so we set to work with our two spades and dug a trench 12 feet by 7 by 4 and bundled in all our sleeping and kit bags and food. Then we placed our two sledges across it, covered it with a good tent and fixed it down with snow and ice. We finally got breakfast at 12 o'clock, sewed up the torn tent and then reviewed the situation, but decided that nothing could be done but sit tight till the blizzard blew up, and hope that none of the too frequent avalanches would reach us.

We had to stay under ground for five days and the last four were one long bath. There was a heavy unceasing snow fall outside, so that we had a foot of soft snow on the tent roof, and with the heat from the cooker which had to work at least once a day, and our breathing in the confined space, there was no draught! Also being unable to move our bags, we soon warmed up the ice underneath and altogether had a damp time.

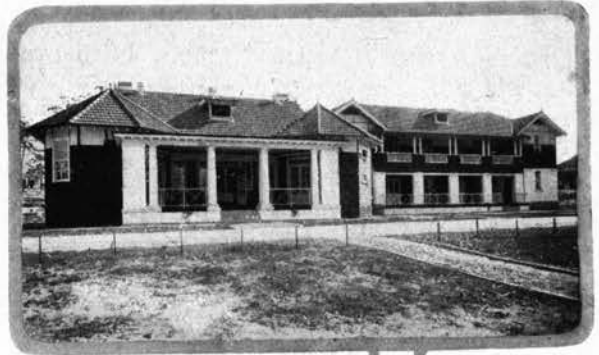
On the sixth day the wind had moderated enough to let us cross the three miles of smooth ice between the land and the glacier snow, with only a few bruises, and we had left the cave twenty-one miles behind by nightfall. That night we were able to gauge the amount of moisture collected in our late home. Our three-man sleeping bag had to be unrolled with the aid of the axes, and it was then found that the inch of reindeer hair on the roof of the bag inside had frozen stiff with the floor of the bag and had to be cut away with knives, so "I leave it to you partner" to imagine the warm dry bed we had that night!

It would take too long to tell about the rest of that memorable trip, but we were not sorry to see our little hut on the sixth day.

I must not stop without saying that you who read this are liable to get an

unpleasant and erroneous idea of Antarctic work, and that is the trouble in relating these yarns. It would probably not be interesting to you if I told of the work itself, which is really of enormous scientific value. I can even imagine the Editor's blue pencil hovering around. But even for the trip itself these experiences are worth going through.

It is not possible that a person who has read every book on Polar exploration can imagine the beauties and the wonders of this only unknown portion of our earth.



Officers' Mess

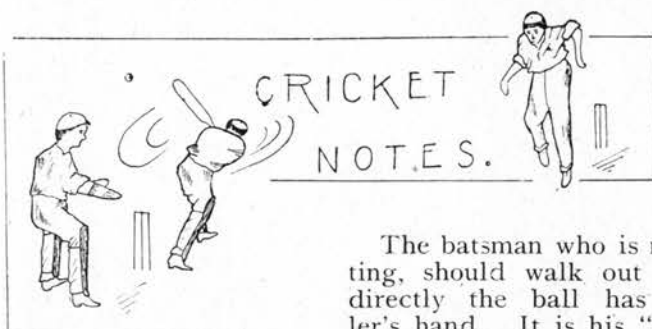


Captain's House

"Gott Mit Uns."

The following motto was painted on a board and put up outside a German trench—"Gott mit uns."

The next day the British Tommies in the opposite trench put up the following—"Glad to hear it; we have also got mittens."



SOME THINGS TO REMEMBER.

FOR THE CAPTAIN.

ALWAYS call, naming the Cadet who is to take a catch, if there is the remotest possibility of more than one Cadet going for it. If it is a question of the WICKET KEEPER or another, remember that the wicket keeper is provided with GLOVES.

Do not bully your team.

Do not keep a bowler on too long, especially on a hot day.

Do not be afraid of taking one off if he is losing his length, although he may be your best.

Remember a slow break bowler is put on to BE HIT.

Before selecting the end a bowler is to take, think of the following points:—

- (a) Slope of the pitch, if any, which may help his break.
- (b) Direction of the wind.
- (c) Bad patches, if any, on the pitch.
- (d) Which end he would LIKE to bowl.

Always see that a fielder is backing up when a ball is being thrown in. Call him by name if he isn't.

Ask the advice of your bowler when placing the field. He likes it and you needn't take it.

GENERAL.

Never throw wildly at the wicket. Try and make your throw in a full toss or a long hop.

Always back up a throw in.

The batsman who is not actually batting, should walk out of his crease directly the ball has left the bowler's hand. It is his "call" if the ball goes BEHIND the wicket—the batsman's "call" if it goes level with the wicket or in front. Whoever has the "call" should ALWAYS CALL, whether there is a chance of a run or not ("wait," "no," "not yet," etc.) and always call in a LOUD VOICE!

Don't be in a hurry to make runs. Remember that the bowler cannot always be sending down good 'uns, so be patient and wait for the ones to hit.

Don't worry if the Cadet who is in with you is scoring faster. FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T try and catch him up!

Oct. 17th. *Cadets v. North Geelong*,
(on our ground).

The first match of the season. We started off disastrously but thanks to our tail wagging, managed to bring the total to 71. Nurse and Vail put on 27 for the last wicket.

Our opponents did not do much better and if Heron had not come to their assistance, they would have been in a bad way. A win for them by 3 wickets. Full score:—

R.A.N.C.

Cadet Burnett, c Heron, b Downey	o
Cadet Reilly, b Kirwood 9
Cadet Newman, b Kirwood 0
Cadet Sadleir, b Downey 1
Cadet Gould, l.b.w., b Reynolds 11
Cadet Larkins, b Reynolds 10
Cadet Tate, c Gallagher, b Reynolds	o
Cadet Showers, b Reynolds 0
Cadet Farncomb, b Reynolds 8
Cadet Nurse, not out 15
Cadet Vail, b Downey 11
Extras 6

Total 71

NORTH GEELONG.

Libbison, c Showers, b Reilly ...	3
Connois, st. Newman, b Reilly ...	3
Hadley, b Larkins	2
Heron, not out	59
Gallagher, b Showers	9
Downey, b Larkin	3
Trethowen, b Larkins	1
Kirwood, c Gould, b Larkins ...	6
Reynolds, c Gould, b Reilly ...	3
Trounce, c Newman, b Reilly ...	1
Lorimer, b Larkins	0
Extras	7
<hr/>	
Total	97

Reynolds, st. Newman, b Sadlier ...	5
Fell, not out	2
White, b Showers	3
O'Hara, b Larkins	5
Extras	2
<hr/>	
Total	63

Nov. 21st. *Cadets 1st XI. v. Geelong College.*

(Under 16.)

This match was played on their ground and resulted in an easy win for us by 106 runs. Reilly, Larkins and Farncomb shared the batting honours, with Burnett, Newman and Tate "lending a hand," while Larkins was chiefly instrumental in discomforting the opposing batsmen. Our fielding, for a change, was really good, three of their men being run out very smartly.

Full score:—

R.A.N.C.

Cadet Burnett, c Franklin, b Stott	15
Cadet Reilly, c Franklin, b Levy	22
Cadet Sadlier, b Stott	2
Cadet Gould, b Stott	0
Cadet Larkins, b Philip	25
Cadet Tate, c Macpherson, b Campbell	12
Cadet Farncomb, b Stott	23
Cadet Newman, hit wicket, b Philip	17
Cadet Nurse, not out	0
Cadet Showers, b Stott	0
Extras	23
<hr/>	
Total	144

Nov. 7th. *Cadets v. Geelong Grammar School.*

(Under 16.)

Played on our ground. Reilly and Burnett gave us an excellent start, making 40 before they were separated. Our batting all round was quite good and we must congratulate Farncomb on his return to form after so many "regrettable incidents"!

Larkins had the best bowling average, getting 5 wickets for 35.

Full score:—

R.A.N.C.

Cadet Burnett, c White, b Reynolds	45
Cadet Reilly, b Fell	17
Cadet Sadleir, b Fell	7
Cadet Larkins, b Reynolds	32
Cadet Gould, b Reynolds	5
Cadet Newman, b Reynolds	6
Cadet Tate, b Reynolds	3
Cadet Vail, c Dyson, b Reynolds ...	9
Cadet Farncomb, not out	18
Cadet Nurse, not out	0
Cadet Showers, c White, b Reynolds	9
Extras	9
<hr/>	
Total 9 wickets for	160

GEELONG COLLEGE.

McKinley, b Larkins	0
Sinclair, run out	2
Franklin, c Burnett, b Larkins ...	3
Campbell, R., c Reilly, b Larkins ...	1
Campbell, S., run out	15
Stott, c Newman, b Larkins	2
Philip, run out	0
Macpherson, st. Newman, b Reilly	1
Crawley, c Reilly, b Larkins	0
Levy, b Larkins	6
Purnell, not out	1
Extras	7
<hr/>	
Total	38

GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Macfarlane, c Vail, b Larkins ...	13
McEwan, c & b Larkins	13
Dyson, b Reilly	4
Fitznead, b Larkins	5
Armstrong, b Sadleir	0
Plowman, c & b Larkins	11
Featherstonhaugh, run out	0

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Nov. 28th. *Cadets v. Melbourne Grammar School.*

(Under 16.)

Played on our ground. Reilly was responsible chiefly for the easy victory we obtained, making 34 runs and then capturing 7 of our opponents' wickets for 10! We went in first and Burnett and Reilly gave us our usual good start, putting on 66 before the latter was bowled. Sadleir, Burnett and Larkins all played well, Sadleir batting in excellent style, Burnett steady and Larkins knocking the cover off the bad uns.

Our opponents could do nothing with Reilly who, for a welcome change, found his length!

Full score:—

R.A.N.C.

Cadet Burnett, c Cowley, b Bishop	39
Cadet Reilly, b Bishop	34
Cadet Newman, b Larrett	0
Cadet Sadleir, b Baillieu	25
Cadet Larkins, c Bishop, b Sargent	33
Cadet Gould, not out	14
Cadet Tate, not out	5
Cadet Farncomb, c Armstrong, b Baillieu	0
Cadet Showers, b Baillieu	9
Cadet Nurse did not bat	
Cadet Feldt did not bat	
Extras	9

Total, 7 wickets for 168
(innings declared closed)

MELBOURNE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Love, run out	7
Armstrong, l.b.w., b Reilly	5
Baillieu, c Gould, b Reilly	0
Bishop, b Reilly	0
Sargent, st. Newman, b Reilly	5
Hobson, c Gould, b Showers	4
Ballieu, b Reilly	0
Broome, b Showers	0
Larrett, c Showers, b Reilly	0
Cowles, st. Newman, b Reilly	1
Schlesinger, not out	0
Extras	5

Total 27

Dec. 5th. *Cadets 1st. XI. v. Geelong Grammar School.*

(Under 16.)

This match was played on their ground, and as it was our last game at Geelong we were anxious to win.

They won the toss and batted first, against the bowling of Reilly and Larkins. Fitznead, Fell and Black caused most trouble and they eventually declared with 86 for 9 wickets, a sporting but rather extraordinary declaration.

The scoring on our side was pretty evenly divided and we won the game by 3 wickets, with ten minutes to spare.

Full score:—

GEE LONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

McFarlane, c Sadleir, b Reilly	3
Fell, b Sadleir	14
Ferguson, st. Newman, b Reilly	2
Dyson, c Newman, b Reilly	5
Fitznead, c Feldt, b Sadleir	27
Featherstonhaugh, c Newman, b Farncomb	4
Plowman, b Sadleir	0
Armstrong, c & b Reilly	11
Black, run out	13
Reynolds, not out	1
Hopkins, not out	1
Extras	5

Total 9 wickets for 86

R.A.N.C.

Cadet Burnett, b McFarlane	15
Cadet Reilly, b Fell	21
Cadet Gould, b Dyson	4
Cadet Sadleir, b McFarlane	17
Cadet Larkins, b Reynolds	13
Cadet Newman, b Reynolds	6
Cadet Feldt, b McFarlane	0
Cadet Tate, not out	8
Cadet Farncomb, not out	0
Cadet Nurse did not bat	
Cadet Showers did not bat	
Extras	3

Total 7 wickets for 87

ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Dec. 5th. *Cadets' Dreadnought XI. v. Geelong Grammar School's Fearnaughts*

Played on their ground. We batted first and thanks principally to Vail and Hirst, put up the magnificent score of 470 (this is evidently a printer's error. The O we think should have been left out.—Editor.) Our opponents, nothing daunted, hit out bravely, and despite the Cotter-like deliveries of Long and the wiles of Watkins managed to snatch a victory by 4 wickets.

Full score:—

R.A.N.C. DREADNOUGHTS.

Cadet Esdaile, b Shortt	0
Cadet Kimlin, c Jack, b O'Hara ...	4
Cadet Vail, b Shortt	12
Cadet Collins, b Shortt	1
Cadet Long, b Shortt	0
Cadet Calder, b O'Hara	3
Cadet Hirst, c Herbert, b O'Hara	15
Cadet Watkins, c & b Shortt ...	4
Cadet Hollingworth, run out ...	0
Cadet Watts, not out	2
Cadet Mackenzie, c Landale, b O'Hara	0
Extras	6
<hr/>	
Total	47

GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Herbert, b Long	6
Landale, b Long	7
Cunningham, c Hirst, b Vail	5
O'Hara, b Esdaile... ..	18
Jardine, b Hirst	4
Soyne, l.b.w., b Vail	9
Shortt, c & b Hirst	4
Bossence, b Hirst	4
Laird, c Vail, b Esdaile... ..	8
Jack, b Hirst	0
Carrington, not out	2
Extras	4
<hr/>	
Total	71

—

Feb. 24th, 1915. *Ist. Year, Port Watch v. Starboard Watch.*

Starboard Watch won the toss and elected to take first knock. The Port Watch bowlers did not permit the

"knock" to be a very lengthy affair and disposed of the whole side for 13 runs!

The Port Watch, thanks to Mr. Wackkett and Mr. Hunter, put up the respectable total of 62, winning the match by 8 wickets.

Full score:—

STARBOARD WATCH.

Cadet Rowlands, b Willes	2
Cadet Abbott, b Willes... ..	0
Cadet Hunt, b Selk	2
Cadet Hall (Capt.), b Dowling ...	2
Cadet Hewitt, b Dowling	0
Cadet Cairns, c Rosenthal, b Willes	4
Cadet Childers, c Willes, b Dowling	0
Cadet Little, c Stapleton, b Selk ...	0
Cadet Clarke, not out	0
Cadet Rands, b Selk	0
Cadet Miller, c Cusack, b Selk ...	0
Extras	3
<hr/>	
Total	13

PORT WATCH.

Cadet Dowling, b Hall	8
Cadet Rosenthal, b Hunt	2
Cadet Carter, b Rowlands	2
Cadet Wackkett, run out	18
Cadet Selk, st. Childers, b Hunt ...	2
Cadet Hunter, b Rowlands	17
Cadet Willes, st. Childers, b Hall ...	0
Cadet Gower, b Rowlands	1
Cadet Stapleton, b Hewitt	2
Cadet Kennedy, b Hall	5
Cadet Cusack, not out	0
Extras	5
<hr/>	
Total	62

March 6th. *Officers v. Cadets.*

Contrary to the opinion expressed in the principal Sydney and Melbourne daily papers, the Cadets managed to win this match. After the Cadets had been dismissed for the small total of 72 (Mr. Tate 18), the Officers (full of ices, tea, cake and good hope) proceeded to . . . stroll to the wickets and saunter back again. Nuthin' doin'.

Full score:—

Cadet Burnett, c Morrison, b Com-	
mander	9
Cadet Reilly, b Commander	2
Cadet Sadleir, c Skeet, b Moyes	3
Cadet Tate, b Moyes	18
Cadet Larkins (Capt.), b Moyes	8
Cadet Newman, b Moyes	4
Cadet Farncomb, b Morrison	4
Cadet Gould, b Moyes	4
Cadet Showers, b Commander	13
Cadet Nurse, b Moyes	2
Cadet Vail, c & b Moyes	0
Cadet Long, not out	2
Extras	3
Total	72

OFFICERS.

Commander Grant (Capt.) c & b	
Larkin	3
Surgeon Skeet, c Showers, b Reilly	1
N.I. Moyes, l.b.w., b Larkins	25
Eng. Lt. Commdr. Boddie, b Showers	2
Lieut. Seton, c Tate, b Larkins	1
Mr. Dix, b Showers	1
S.N.I. Wheatley, c Tate, b Showers	0
S.N.I. Morrison, c & b Showers	1
N.I. Eldridge, c & b Larkins	0
Lieut. Stapleton, st. Newman, b Lar-	
kins	0
S.N.I. Franklin, not out	2
Paymaster Crow, run out	0
Extras	3
Total	40

March 13th. *College v. Camp.*

A very exciting match which resulted in a victory for us by 25 runs. Reilly played a good innings and was well caught just as he looked to be getting set.

Full score:—

R.A.N.C.

Cadet Burnett, c Buxton, b Newman	4
Cadet Reilly, c O'Malley, b McCrae	21
Nav. Inst. Moyes, c McCrae, b Alley	0

Cadet Sadleir, b Mackie	9
Cadet Larkins, c & b Snowden	4
Commander Grant, c Mackie, b	
Cotter	13
Cadet Tate, b Cotter	2
Cadet Showers, c Billet, b Mackie	0
Cadet Gould, c O'Malley, b Mackie	0
Cadet Newman, b Mackie	8
Cadet Farncomb, not out	1
Extras	4
Total	66

CAMP.

Cotter, c Tate, b Showers	9
Buxton, b Moyes	7
Morgan, c Burnett, b Showers	3
Snowden, not out	8
Mackie, b Showers	0
Newman, c Moyes, b Showers	2
Alley, st. Newman, b Reilly	7
Lynch, run out	0
McCrae, b Reilly	0
Billet, c Tate b Larkins	1
Morgan, b Larkins	1
Extras	3
Total	41

March 20th. *Cadets v. Camp.*

The day was quite cold and a drizzling rain set in after lunch. Both teams decided to take the field.

The Camp took first knock and with 70 runs on the board for 4 wickets, looked like taking their revenge for last week. Their tail however did not wag to any alarming extent and we finally disposed of them for 97, Reilly getting 4 for 30.

Larkins and Reilly opened and put up 40 before they were separated. Two wickets then fell rapidly, but Tate and Sadleir came to the rescue, both of them playing a very good game. The Camp tried several changes in the bowling but none of them troubled either batsmen, who continued to hit freely and eventually Sadleir made the winning hit amidst great cheering!

Full score:—

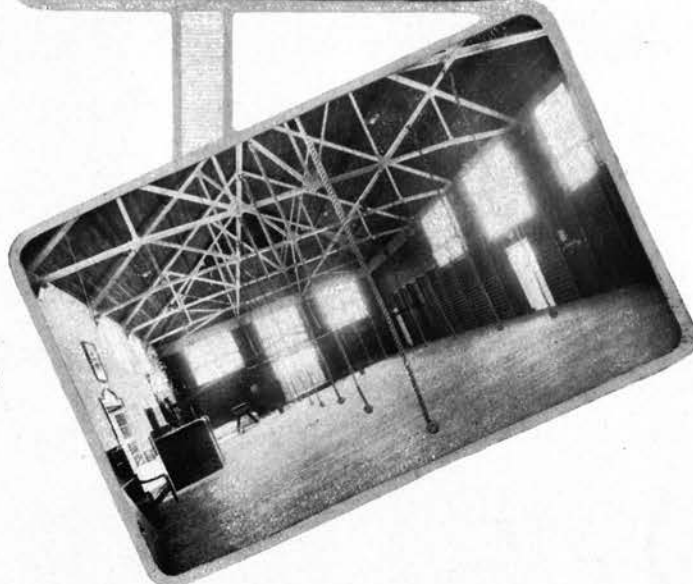
CAMP.			
Snowden, b Showers	8
Cotter, st. Newman, b Reilly	17
Alley, c Gould, b Reilly	1
Joyce, b Showers	2
Newman, run out	22
Buxton, c Showers, b Larkins	22
Hartley, st. Newman, b Reilly	9
Lynch, l.b.w. b Reilly	7
Billet, b Farncomb	1
Antilla not out	0
Dowel, run out	0
Extras	6
Total			97

CADETS.			
Cadet Reilly, b Newman	30
Cadet Larkins, c Alley, b Newman	7
Cadet Newman, c & b Newman	4
Cadet Burnett, b Buxton	0
Cadet Tate, not out	28
Cadet Sadleir, not out	23
Cadet Farncomb, did not bat			
Cadet Gould did not bat			
Cadet Showers did not bat			
Cadet Nurse did not bat			
Cadet Feldt did not bat			
Extras	10

Total 4 wickets for 102



Gymnasium and
Class Rooms



Parting Brass Rags.

(As it might have appeared in the Newspapers.)

The Daily Mail.

Feb. 24, 1915.

ROWLAND AND HALL.

**WAR DECLARED ON SATURDAY.
HALL'S ARMY CROSSES THE FRONTIER.
THE ROWLAND FLEET SAILS UNDER SEALED ORDERS.**

1st Year Gunroom, Feb. 24th.

At a quarter to five yesterday, the Hall Ambassador called at the Rowland Embassy and demanded his passports. The Chancellor was in a very agitated state of mind and asked him whether he fully realised the consequences of this drastic step. The Ambassador replied that when the honour of the Starboard watch was at stake, he could hardly be expected to take into consideration the results which might follow his action.

The Chancellor then went on to say that he did not conceive it possible that "for a scrap of paper—a mere chit to the Commander," he should plunge S. 2 into all the horrors of war. All his efforts for preserving peace in the 1st Year Gunroom had tumbled down like a pack of cards. The Ambassador then received his passports and crossed the frontier at 11 p.m.

Quarterdeck, Feb. 24th

General Cairns, accompanied by Major Hewitt, has left for the front. A large crowd assembled outside the Barracks and cheered wildly as he stepped into his car. They continued to sing patriotic songs until dispersed by the Cadet-Captains.

It is not anticipated that the food supply will be seriously endangered, but the Government has already taken steps to control the output from the Canteen, and the general public will be relieved

to hear that Colonel Cusack has been appointed to carry out this duty.

GYMNASIUM INVADED.

**BOXING GLOVES SEIZED BY ADVANCE
GUARD.**

Gym., Feb. 25th

Rotter's Agency reports that a small Rowland force has seized the lighter pair of boxing gloves, and are now proceeding to fill them with horse shoes.

This is a serious breach of the Hague Convention, and it is expected that the 3rd Year will lodge a vigorous protest.

THE HALL FLEET ACTIVE.**HOSTILE VESSELS SUNK.**

Gunner's Office, Feb. 25.

A large amount of wreckage, marked with the name of Rowland, has been discovered floating down the Scran Bag, and it is rumoured that an important naval engagement has taken place in the Office.

**ADMIRAL SELK TO COMMAND
FLEET.**

Messroom, Feb. 25th

Admiral Sir John Selk, Second Land Lord, has assumed command of the Hall Grand Fleet, with Rear Admiral Hunt as his Chief of Staff.

Stop Press News.—

THIRD YEAR INVOLVED.

**"WE CANNOT STAND ASIDE."
CHIEF CAPTAINS SUMMONED TO THE SANC.
SECONDS MOBILISING.**

Ten Cadet Midshipmen.

Ten Cadet-Midshipmen
 "Divisions"—in a line,
 One flopped down and out,
 Then there were nine.

Nine Cadet-Midshipmen
 One for Prep. was late,
 Couldn't think of an excuse,
 Then there were eight.

Eight Cadet-Midshipmen
 All in the first XI,
 One got a blob and then
 There were only seven.

Seven Cadet-Midshipmen
 Of sailing knowing nix,
 One belayed the fore sheet,
 Then there were six.

Six Cadet-Midshipmen
 Learning how to dive,
 One landed on a rock,
 Then there were five.

Five Cadet-Midshipmen
 Talking of the War,
 One admired the Kaiser
 And then there were four.

Four Cadet-Midshipmen
 Sitting down for tea,
 One forgot to brush his hair,
 Then there were three.

Three Cadet-Midshipmen
 Feeling very blue,
 One tried a Canteen ice,
 Then there were two.

Two Cadet-Midshipmen
 (Moulding had begun),
 One dropped the crucible,
 Then there was one.

One Cadet-Midshipman
 Put in the report,
 Got a dose of No. 4,
 Then there were nought!

Our Thrilling Serial.

THE MURDER IN BELGRAVE
 SQUARE.

BY JACK JOHNSON.

Author of "Chased by a shark in Peru,"
 "The stains of blood at No. 12," etc.

Synopsis of previous chapters—The Rt. Hon. the Marquis Sir Cecil Asphalt, has hidden the will of his uncle, the Duke of Flatrock Creek, in the haunted room of the Laboratory Block, and has poisoned both witnesses to the will. His cousin, the heir, His Grace Sir Tificate Parchment, is in love with the Lady Sylvia Submarine, and Cecil determines to murder them both. He therefore disguises himself as a referee in the final match for the Premiership, where Sir Tificate is playing full back for Glebe.

CHAPTER MDCCCXVII.

THE VILLAIN FOILED.

The great day had arrived, and the crowd numbering roughly 62,324 were pressing their way towards the turnstiles.

And such a crowd! One could distinguish grave M.L.A's in their sober frock coats of green and purple, grocers in their top hats and red silk spats, Senators playfully pushing one another off the path,—young and old, grave and gay!

But who is that slinking through the crowd disguised as the Lord Mayor of Tomorong? Can it be Sir Cecil? ? It is. No. Yes, it must be. With a stealthy glance around him, he crouches behind a lamp post and drawing a revolver from one waistcoat pocket and a Zeppelin bomb from the other, he calmly lights a cigarette.

Suddenly round the corner dashes Lord Windermere's gorgeously emblazoned motor lorry, and with a cry of triumph he leaps from the top.

"Stand back!" cried Sir Cecil, springing to his feet, his eyes flashing ominously, and a horrible leer distorting his visage.

"I am betrayed," cried Parchment, calmly lighting a cigarette.

With a snarl of rage Lord Cecil leapt upon him and the air was thick with the deadly fumes of chloroform. Hastily he thrusts his unconscious victim into the nearest Taxi, and whipping up the horse, rapidly disappears down Pitt Street. Down Collins Street they flew, on, ever on, the derisive yells of the crowd dying away as they thundered through Nowra.

The wheels were now red hot and as they passed the Canteen it seemed to be literally standing still!

The pace was too hot to last.

Bang!

And again Bang!

The sparking plug had short circuited the silencer. Lord Cecil leapt from the boat, a cynical smile flittering across his handsome face, and calmly lighting a cigarette, felt in his pocket for the fare.

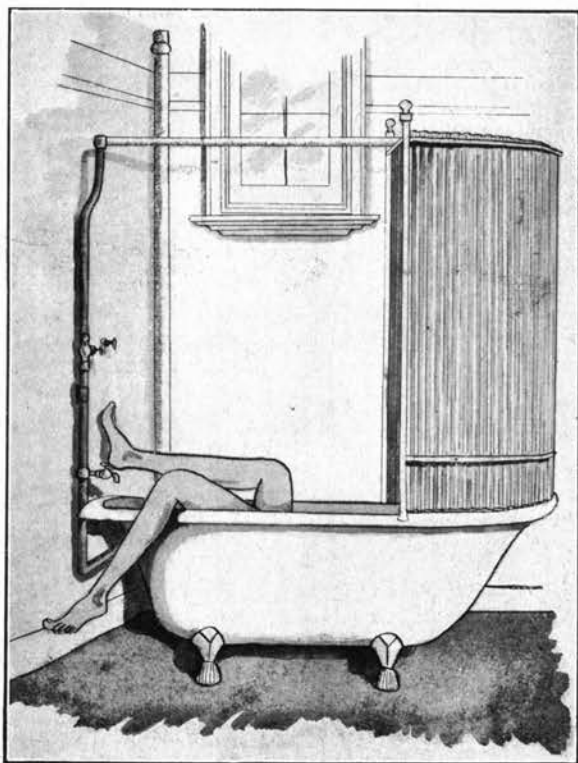
"Blackguard, I will not touch your gold," hissed the driver in a girlish voice, and removing the false moustache and bald head, emptied the magazine of an automatic pistol full in Lord Cecil's face.

"Good Heavens," he cried, when he had recovered from his astonishment,

"'tis Lady Sylvia herself!" and he fell to the ground in a swoon.

(To be continued.)

[Not if I knew it. Editor.]



E.S.N. enjoying one of Home Affairs "long" baths!

Yarns.

"A NEAT PARRY."

A short time before the present war began a British cruiser was lying at anchored in a German harbour. She had been royally entertained by the German men-of-war during her short stay, and the Officers and men had made many friends from among their "opposite numbers." Of course as usual the Britisher had picked out her particular "chummy ship," and many were the dinners, dances and beer-drinkings exchanged between the two. At one of these dinners the subject of customs of the Service cropped up and the British Captain mentioned that it was against the custom of the British Navy to proceed out of harbour stern first.

As luck would have it, when the time came to say good-bye to their German friends, the British skipper found the harbour so crowded with shipping that, in order to avoid running down some of the smaller craft, it was necessary to leave the harbour stern first. The Germans simply could not resist the temptation, and the following signal was sent from their Flagship by morse code; "We thought it was the custom in the British Navy to leave a Harbour bow first." Like a flash came the reply, "It is not the custom for a British ship to show her stern to a German!"

"POSTPONED."

The Captain of H.M.S. *Seaslug* on the West Indies station had a nigger chef called Sambo Zaguna.

The Captain sent for him one day and said: "Sambo, how many chickens in the hen coop?"

"Two Sar," one am duck."

"All right Sambo, we will have duck to-day."

During the forenoon, the Captain sent for Sambo and said, "Postpone duck; We'll have joint instead."

Sambo goes down to the Galley where he meets Tubby, the Messdeck Dogger, and says, "Captain says postpone duck, What him mean?"

"What, Sambo, don't you know what that means?"

Sambo, "No."

Tubby: "Why, you get your dish filled with water, put the duck in, boil him one side and bake him the other."

Sambo's face shone like a Quarter-deck ring bolt, and off he went to the Galley.

Noon. Captain's cabin.—

Captain: "What have you got there Sambo?"

Sambo: "Postpone duck, Sir. Big fat sailorman told me boil him one side, bake him other."

Captain: "You bally fat-head!"

Sambo: "Yes, Sar. Good head me Sambo do cook."

Sing-Song.

The Ship's Company gave a Sing-Song on March 30th which was most entertaining and savoured much of the Naval element, and was much appreciated by the Cadets to whom it was given.

Lovers of music again had the pleasure of seeing before them the great Mr. McHannay from the land of Never-Never, who gave popular selections on the pipes; also P. O. Peek and Stoker Chaplin, celebrities on the Bones and Mouth Organ; Bramaghan's band brilliantly led under its new directorship, a Professor with high musical honours. Members of the audience of a more sentimental and sympathetic nature were pleased at the re-appearance of the old star, Corporal Conder in his touching production "A Midnight Charge." The encore elicited great applause, the audience never knowing whether to weep or laugh at the adventures of the old-time Tarry Brecks.

The appearance of a new and promising young performer in Greening (Mk. II), who gave an excellent rendering of "Tipperary," was well applauded. Mr. Moyes, Mr. Franklin, E. R. A. Revell, C. P. O. Revell, Steward Roberts and Steward Smith, also pleased the audience with songs of old popularity, frequent encores being called for.

The celebrated comedian A. B. Jones brought the house down with his excellent make-up and song "The Galloping Major." This was especially appreciated by Bill Grant who apparently wished to join in the chorus!

The "Bassoon," by P. O. Williams was well received, as was also the sketch "For men only," by an Officer who knew more than he ought to about the dressing of a lady's hair!

The Sing-Song concluded with a very amusing sketch by A. B. Jones and Writer Keaughran.

PROGRAMME.

- 1 Song, "Sing us a song of Bonnie Scotland," Steward Campbell.
- 2 Recitation, "A Midnight Charge," Corporal Conder.
- 3 Fantasia, Mouth Organ & Bones. Sto. Chaplin & P. O. Peek.
- 4 Song, "The Galloping Major," A. B. Jones.
- 5 Song, "Tipperary," Greening (Mk II)
- 6 Song, "In her clogs and shawl," Steward Smith.
- 7 Song, "Lighterman Tom," S. N. I. Franklin.
- 8 Song, "The Bassoon," P. O. Williams.
- 9 Sketch, For Men Only, Lieut. Cotton-Stapleton.
- 10 Song, "The Little Shirt," P. O. Glen.
- 11 Song, "Maltanata," Steward Roberts.
- 12 Some noise, Selection on the pipes, N. I. Hannay.
- 13 Song, "The Inquisitive Boy," C. C. M. Revell.
- 14 Song, "The mighty deep," E. R. A. Revell.
- 15 Agony, Five Minutes Only, Will Avanother.
- 16 Song, "A capital ship," N. I. Moyes.
- 17 Item, Bramaghan's Band, ? ? ? ?
- 18 Song, "The Trumpeter," E. R. A. Revell.
- 19 Selection, Mouth Organ, Sto. Chaplin.
- 20 Sketch, Cells, A. B. Jones & Writer Keaughran.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

A Few Susies.

RUGBY.

Collins collars cleanly and clears with clever kick.

Gettng grabs the Grammars with a grip which lays 'em low.

Showers shows spectators some sensational strong kicking.

Feldt, the fleet, flies fastest and flops over for a try.

CRICKET.

Reilly with real rapture roundly weilds the wily willow.

Burnett breaks the bowling and then biffs each bally ball.

Larkins likes to lash out at the googlies or the good 'uns.

Newman, never napping, neatly nips off both the bails.



In the Messroom.

Commander: "Why didn't you round the buoy?"

Cadet (after some thought) "Sir, I wasn't in the boat."

* * *

Cadet (after lecture on Internal Combustion Engine) "Sir, do you put the spark in by hand?"

Eng. Lieut.: "No, you put it in with a shovel!"

The Voyage of the "Edelweiss."

The *Edelweiss*, a schooner rigged yacht of 49 tons, sailed from Gosport on Sept. 27th, 1913, for Buenos Ayres, carrying a crew of 12—a Master, six seamen, a cook and a boy and three friends of the owner Dr. Manuel Quintana. A gentle and favourable S.S.E. breeze, as if luring the *Edelweiss* from her accustomed haunts, carried her past the Needles. That evening the lights of Portland Bill and St. Alban's Head slowly dipped below the horizon and good-bye to Old England was said.

Morning sights shewed the *Edelweiss* to be a long way out of her reckoning and, although the compass had been adjusted only the afternoon before, there was now found to be nine degrees of deviation. We passed Ushant on the morning of the 29th. This famous light house is regarded as the finest milestone where several trade routes converge. The light seems to flash good-bye to the green and foggy north—beyond lies infinity! The wind now freshened to a strong South Easterly breeze and a confused swell was rolling north from Finisterre. Next day the wind dropped, leaving us becalmed 17 miles out of our intended course. For two days the ship lay becalmed, the sea being alive with jelly-fish and large schools of porpoises, the crew taking this their first opportunity for a bathe, but a speedy retreat was made on sight of a large dorsal fin. The welcome breeze came on October 4th which was squally, developing later to a moderate gale with a heavy sea. Madeira, was sighted on October the 9th, but owing to the state of the weather shelter was taken under the island's lee, making the port of Funchall next morning. This island afforded a very refreshing and pleasant break in the voyage. Continuing on 11th October, due south for St. Vincent we had a week of very pleasant sailing, but on the 19th the weather became very bad and at midnight I discovered the cabin floor awash: we hove to at once and a quick investigation was made; pumps were rigged and manned. Blowing hard

from the N.W. with a nasty sea and still making water, all hands at the pumps and bailers, gradually brought the water under and the cause of the mishap discovered and rectified, we proceeded on our course under storm trysail and jib. Arriving at St. Vincent on the 22nd, a very poor place after Maderia, and staying only sufficient time to provision and water, we again continued on our voyage South. An addition to the ship's company was here made, a Portuguese cat "Boy" who had several occasions for regretting his departure and ourselves for having brought him. On the 25th the weather became very boisterous and for two days we continued under reefed trysail and storm jib, culminating on the night of the 27th in a terrific storm of unusual violence. The night was inky black and the rain came down in torrents. About 1 a.m. the sky was rent by a fearful flash of lightning giving severe electric shocks to those hauling on wire ropes, the main topmast being struck. All hands thought they had been struck blind, as it was quite impossible to see for over a minute. It was then reported that the cabin was full of smoke. I thought at the moment that the ship had been struck and was on fire, but it turned out to be a smoky atmosphere of steel-blue having a metallic smell due it is supposed to the formation of ozone. The compass was rendered useless, revolving aimlessly round. The weather moderating towards morning, the compass was found to have 33 degrees of deviation and varying within a point over and above; no magnets or facilities for readjusting were on board and moreover the small steering gear appeared to have been converted into an electro-magnet as it effected the compass from every point. The compass had to be moved further for'rd, necessitating the employment of an extra hand to direct the helmsman when he was on his course. "Boy" had miraculously escaped from the fowl coop which was lost overboard and was found hanging down the cabin skylight more dead than alive. He was a great source of trouble the whole time, re-

fusing to eat and continually hiding himself down below, everybody wishing the wretched animal back where he came from, but were forced into doing their best to preserve him owing to the sailors' superstition that it is bad luck to lose a cat. Next day better weather prevailed, and by night we were again becalmed with a confused rolling loup on the water, which after many hours became very monotonous—continually listening to the creaking of the blocks and the clang-clang of the fore sheet. The breeze which came next day was most welcome and gradually freshened into the steady S.E. trade, some good sailing days following. But the salt water and the hot weather had its ill effects, and an abominable smell developed pervading through the ship fore and aft, which got so bad that an investigation was made, and the majority of the tin provisions were found to have gone bad. Several were covered with a coating of white maggots and some going off with a report like a 12 pdr. gun! 160 tins had to be thrown overboard with flour and biscuits also damaged. When 400 miles from Rio and again becalmed, (this time for three days) large schools of whales were seen round the ship, one big fellow passing underneath and giving the yacht a severe jar. The breeze S.E. sprang up which carried us down to Rio where we arrived on the 16th. November. After a week here, all repairs being effected, we got away with an easy breeze on the last lap of the voyage and the merriest. Having left Rio p.m. on the 21st November we arrived at B.A. a.m. on the 29th, 1220 miles, a very smart run. Arriving in the estuary of the River Plate, the weather developed into a fresh easterly gale. Navigation here being difficult at all times owing to the numerous shoals and banks, the dangers are increased in bad weather by floating trees coming down the river. A bad night followed. The starboard dingy was carried away by a heavy sea. The pilot boat signalled asking if we required a pilot, but the weather was too bad to stop so we decided to run on. As a grand finale, a tramp steamer

nearly ran us down in the middle watch being quite indifferent to the rules of the road. Both in English and Spanish we expressed fairly fluently what we thought of him as we glided past! We at length anchored at six a.m. in the waters of the Royal Argentine Yacht Club, 6376 miles in 54 days 1 hour and 28 minutes 33 5/8 seconds.

R.A.N.C. Limericks.

There was once a Cadet who said "Haw,
I think extra drill is a baw.

They don't do it at Home",

He said with a groan,

"I shall weally wite home to Papaw!"

* * *

If ever you're found out of Bounds,
Or out of bed after the Rounds,

You will get Number 4

And p'raps a bit more,

And your weight will be lessened by
pounds.

* * *

There was a Cadet who said "My!
But just don't I like rhubarb pie."

He had four returns;

He now only yearns,

To go to the Sick Bay and die.

* * *

Scrum practice is very hard work,
For no one that's in it can shirk.

You must get your head in

And push hard to win,

And heel the ball out with a jerk.

* * *

One night a Cadet dreamt of Nav.
But he mixed up the Tan with the Hav.

He sailed by Mercator

All round a potater,

And worked out the speed in the Lav.

* * *

There were some Cadets in a boat,
One day whilst acting the goat,

They attempted to land

Through the surf, on the sand,

The rest is too sad to quote.

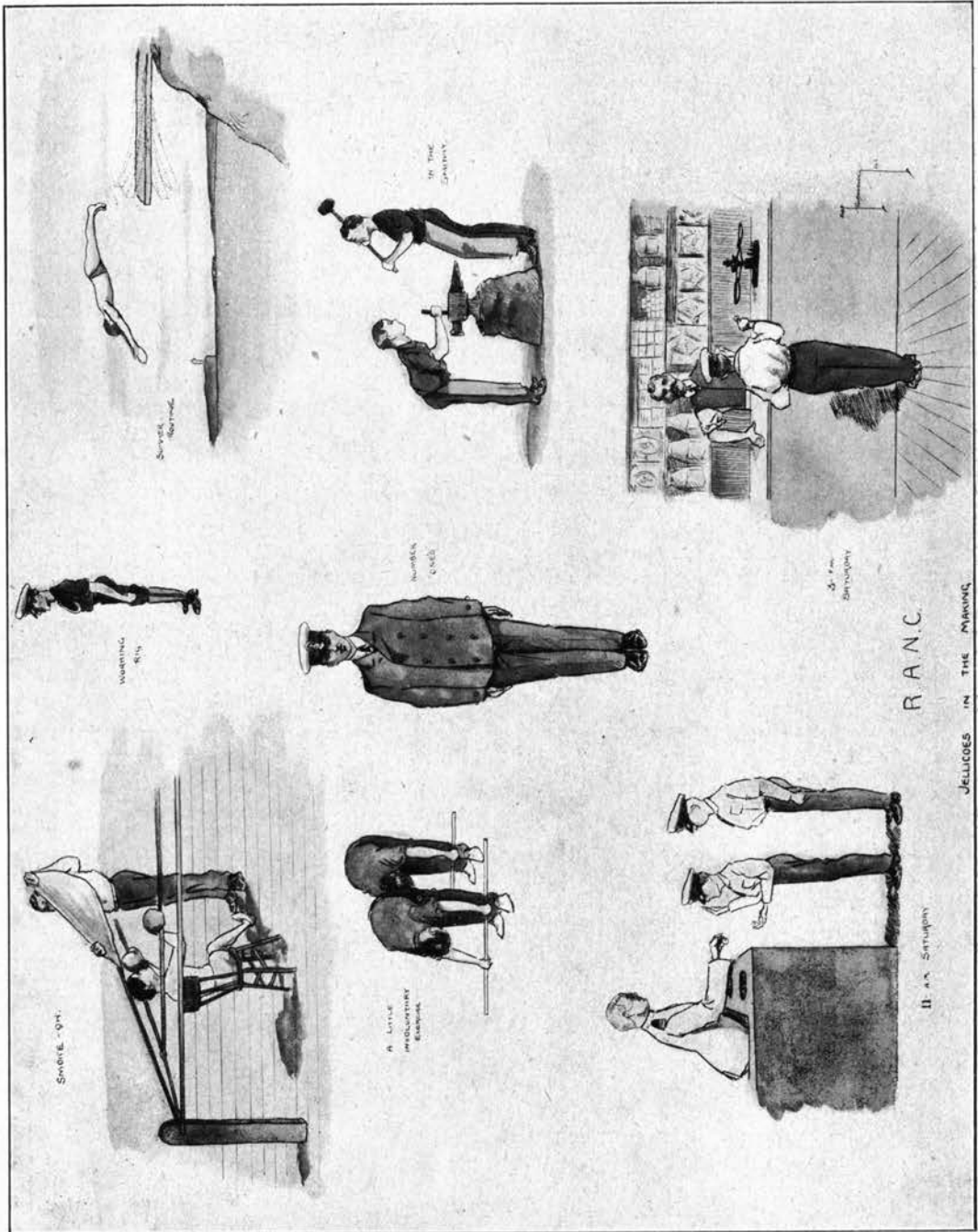
* * *

When once a Cadet who played cricket
Was told to bowl "over the wicket,"

Said "Why not bowl at it?"

If OVER, the bat it

For a fourer will certainly snick it."



WAITING FOR

NUMBER ONE

SOME SINGING

R.A.N.C.

JELLYES IN THE PARKING

SMOKE - ON.

A LITTLE INVOLUNTARY EXERCISE

IT IS SATURDAY

IN THE LIBRARY

Animals of the Naval College.

The Nunkiburd (*Larkiniensis foghornium*)—This strange bird is frequently seen hopping in and out of the Third Year Gunroom, and can easily be recognised by its stentorian chirrup. Its plumage is remarkably beautiful, having a gold V shaped marking on either wing. The feathers on its head are usually brushed straight back, giving it a sleek and well-groomed appearance.

The Bundoona (*Birdii Llewellynius*).—This animal is chiefly noted for the size of its *counter, which is extremely well developed. It spends much of its time in the water during the summer months, and is noted for the loud splash caused by its plunge, the tide being said to rise as it enters the water. Its feathers when closely cropped stand straight up and resemble those of a German equipped for battle.

(*Naval Dictionary says "Overhanging part of the stern."—Editor.)

The Corrob (*Erica Augustinam*).—Noted for its great speed. It is covered from head to foot in coarse hair of which it is very proud, and has been known to encourage the growth by means of singeing, shaving and suchlike. A very wiry animal and hunters should exercise great caution when attacking it. It migrates at the end of the year to the wilder parts of Queensland, where it lives for about two months on crocodiles and a strange weed called Corrobee, hence its name.

The Chidge (*Bicepticus enormii*)—A ferocious animal of great muscular development. Will feed out of your hand if it contains a Canteen ice or similar delicacy, but when roused, is difficult to subdue in less than fifty rounds. Has a curious habit of howling through the nose during the night watches.

The Orily (*Paddiolum Crickiensorus*).—This biped is very easily captured

by means of nets, of which it is inordinately fond. You have only to erect a net on a smooth grass plot, hang a round leather bait within reasonable distance, and he will rush straight into it. To make quite certain of trapping this animal, it is advisable to place three sticks near the bait.

The Lophtiladd (*Edwinius Greatscottii*).—This animal, as its name implies, is of enormous dimensions. In spite of its great bulk, it is practically harmless and has never been known to devour any of the smaller animals of the College. It lives principally on note books, slide rules and text books. Curiously enough, although its feet may be measured in yards, it never uses them for the purposes of landing, after swinging on bars, ropes and the like.

The Jok. (*Bushorsea curlyensis*).—Easily located at night by the peculiar musical call emitted from its trunk. Is hardly ever seen to walk, preferring to move from place to place at a gentle trot. Feeds on cockles and porridge, both of which delicacies it consumes in great quantities.

The Jamminavvi (*Johannes Maletium*).—A very noisy animal and generally eager to attack the male animals of the second year species. When about to spring, it scowls fiercely at its opponent, thus seeking to terrify it into submission.

The Kce. (*Roberto Tasmanii*).—Several of the animal specialist professors of the second year, state that they are of the opinion that this animal is undoubtedly related to the monkey. All food comes alike to this animal, who eagerly devours anything set before it. It has been known to absorb no less than ten cups of tea at a sitting.

The Terravyass (*Cusacam diminueso*).—A very diminutive bird but extremely active. It may be seen hopping about from twig to twig in the first year Gunroom or Gym. Has

very sharp, beady eyes which it employs with great success in picking out the daintiest morsels offered for purchase in the Canteen.

The Childersnatch (*Queenslandium stoutiorum*)—Thought by some experts to be a cannibal. There is, however, no doubt about its being carnivorous. It is much troubled by the extraordinary length of its tongue, and may frequently be seen trying to bite bits off. Its body is covered with a comfortable coating of fat, evidently to protect it from the sun's rays during the summer months as it is now rapidly losing this protection.

A Whiff of the Briny.

I was a rorty Sub. Lieutenant at the pink-sock-and-tea-fight stage of life, was thoroughly enjoying what I considered was a well-earned spell of leave after my strenuous, and more or less successful endeavours to pass my exams for the rank of Lieutenant.

This spell of leave was one day quite rudely interrupted by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, who apparently considered that it was time for me to do some work. Me! Why, for the past year. . . . However there it was. The telegram directed me to join H.M.S. *Gallop*, a T.B.D., forthwith. You cannot argue with a telegram from their Lordships—"Go, say they, and behold ye go." Eight hours later I found myself reporting "Come aboard to join, Sir," to the Captain.

After the usual argument with the shore boatman on the subject of his fare, I proceeded to stow away my gear and don a suitable T.B.D. pirate rig. The *Gallop* was one of our most ancient Destroyers and was the standing joke of the Flotilla. She was out of date; she couldn't steam; she wasn't seaworthy; she ought to be put on the scrap heap; and the Captain, well . . . ! ! —a! this encouraging information from my brother Subs., and we were to weigh and proceed at 8 a.m. the next day.

We duly weighed and proceeded, and in course of time, arrived at St. Ives Bay in Cornwall. This is hardly what you would call a Bay; more like an open roadstead, and for four solid days we rolled 20 degrees at anchor. Not very pleasant.

I was just turning in on the fourth day, when the Captain came in to the apology for a Wardroom, with the news that we were to proceed the next morning at full speed for Plymouth. I really can't say I was sorry. (I had a few long-haired chums in Plymouth!) He told me that he intended to weigh at 4.30 a.m. and that he would not require me to relieve him on the bridge until 8 a.m.

I then turned in, and the next thing I remember was being struck very violently on the head by the Wardroom stove. The *Gallop* was certainly living up to her reputation. After a few words of endearment addressed to the stove in particular, and the elements in general, I turned in again, and wedging one knee against either side of the bunk, stupidly remarked "Let 'em all come." Seeing that most of the cutlasses which were then supplied to Destroyers, were stowed directly above my bunk, this was really "Asking for it." And I got it. Out I went for the second time of asking, with all the cutlasses on top of me!

Just as I had finished laughing (?), a signalman crawled in through the door of the Wardroom and reported, "Beg your pardon, Sir, but the Captain is killed and the bridge has been carried away." Of course I realised that the man was excited and had, from a love of the sensational so dear to the heart of the true tarry-breeks, exaggerated the circumstances, so I said "You surprise me," or something of the sort, and told him I'd go on deck and pick up the bits. It was not an easy matter to get forward. We had run into a strong south easterly gale after rounding the Lizard, and the Captain had not yet eased down, consequently we were punching into it at about 17 knots and green seas were coming right over the ship. We were rolling about 50 degrees each way; the deck was mighty slippery and sea boots

are not provided with spikes! At one time I was hanging on to a funnel guy with my feet in the water, and the next moment was embracing a nice warm funnel!

The signalman was not far wrong. A big sea had caught the bridge and lifted one half of it into the Channel. The Captain was lying down with his arms encircling the base of the 12 pdr. gun, which was swinging about aimlessly from side to side with each roll of the ship. Just as I reached what was left of the bridge, he fainted (I found out afterwards that the ligatures at the back of both his knees had been ruptured) and I told off two hands to take him below. Both engine room telegraphs had been snapped off like carrots and all charts, etc., were washed overboard. To add to our amusement, the anchor had broken loose and was beating a Devil's Tattoo against the side of the ship. I at once eased down to "slow ahead" and called for volunteers to secure it. (N.B. *Injra dig* for me to volunteer!!) The coxswain and nearest A.B. at once came forward. I put a bowline on both of them, and after being under water for about five minutes—or so it seemed to me—they managed in some miraculous way to get the thing fixed up, and after carefully expectorating over the side (to leeward), gravely reported "Anchor secured, Sir."

By this time we were quite appreciably down by the bows and making water fairly rapidly. We were not far from Plymouth but our charts were gone; I did not know the coast and the weather showed no signs of clearing. However, the unexpected always happens, and the weather did clear. We hobbled into Plymouth Sound at 1 p.m.

It was quite amusing to see the way the people in the boats stopped rowing to stare at us. And we must have looked a sight. Bridge gone; (I forgot to mention that before I could slow down, a second sea caught us and carried away the rest of the bridge—me with it!) all our boats stove in; davits and deck fittings twisted into all imaginable shapes; funnels quite white with the salt; fore-castle awa^s).

They just managed to get us into dry dock, but the Powers that Be decided that we were not worth refitting.

The old *Gallop* was broken up and her engines sent to the Naval College at Osborne for the instruction of Cadets, so I conclude that the flow of invective against this noble vessel is not yet exhausted.

A Few Ways of Starting an Hour's Work at the R.A.N.C.

Well, we must solemnly sit down and slog this out.

Waal naow, if we have a....., have we not?

Fronsay nase par? Wee, sey sar.

Er..er, maps of Europe, please corporal.

Now we've got to study the noble Brruuttus.

Well boys, I want your attention for a few minutes.

Starboard watch signals—Port watch bends and hitches.

Make this sketch showing loss of kinetic energy due to the use of sorrft packing.

Dig out with these sketches.

You'd better look up with those note books.

Sir, get along Sir!

Fall in by the boat house. Double!

Now then, maik a moald. Knock it out.

The other chap's going to show you how to make a spring to-day.

Off caps and lanyards! Come here all the 1st Year!

Preparative—down!

Inside, the class!

Now then smack it about! Move your fingers.

Maik a bague.

Class—shun! Bytheright!

Up pole and dragropes!

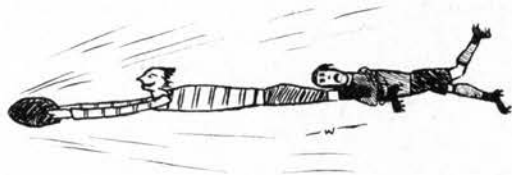
1st newly joined Cadet: "Why are you in the rattle?"

2nd ditto: "I forgot to shut my BOX, and have to fall in outside the Officers' Gunroom!"

Result of Tennis Tournament.

2nd Round.		3rd Round.		4th Round.		Semi-Final.		FINAL.	
Aitken r. 30 } Watts r. ½15 }	Watts 6-1	1st Round (remainder byes). Towers r. 15 } Kimlin scr. } Getting r. 15 } Armstrong o. 15 }		Towers 7-5 Getting 6-3	Reilly o. 15 } Anderson r. 30 }	Anderson 6-3			
Watts - r. ½15 } Towers - r. 15 }	Towers 6-0	Towers 6-1		Towers 6-1 6-4					
Anderson - r. 30 } Getting - r. 15 }	Getting 6-4	Tate 8-6		Wheatley 6-2 6-1					
Feldt - scr. } Sadleir - o. 40 }	Sadleir 6-2	Showers 6-3		Wheatley 6-4 8-6					
Tate - scr. } Collins - r. ½15 }	Tate 8-6	Wheatley 6-1		Wheatley 6-4 1-6 6-4					
Armitage - r. ½15 } Lecky - r. 30 }	Armitage 7-5	Hirst 6-2		Hirst 6-3 5-7 6-2					
Showers - scr. } Shaw - o. 15 }	Showers 6-1	Royston 6-0		Long 6-0 2-6 6-3					
Conder - o. 30 } Farncomb - scr. }	Conder 7-5	Vail 9-7		Long 7-5 6-4					
Cunningham - o. 30 } Wheatley - r. 15 }	Wheatley 7-5	Hollingworth 6-0		Hollingworth 6-4					
Newman - o. 40 } Melville - r. 15 }	Newman 13-11	Palmer 6-2		Long 8-6					
Larkins - o. 40 } Hirst - o. 15 }	Hirst 6-4	McMahon 6-4		McMahon 6-4					
Watkins - r. 15 } Royston - r. 30 }	Royston 6-0								
Evans - r. 30 } Vail - r. 15 }	Vail 9-7								
Cousin - r. 15½ } Hollingworth - r. 15 }	Hollingworth 6-0								
Palmer - r. 15 } Macdonald - o. 15 }	Palmer 6-2								
Calder - scr. } Long - r. 15 }	Long 8-6								
Mackenzie - r. 15 } McMahon - r. 30 }	McMahon 6-4								

FOOTBALL NOTES.



RUGBY.

We have only just started to take this game up seriously as it was quite impossible to get a match at Geelong.

Of all games this is perhaps the most manly, and therein lies its greatest charm. To be a successful player you must have pluck, a certain turn of speed, accuracy in fielding the ball, a cheerful and unselfish temperament and good physique. (of course one of the ideas of the game is to develop the latter).

Pluck is absolutely essential. Falling on the ball to stop a forward rush; tackling a heavy three quarter when he is at the top of his speed; charging down a kick—all these and many others in connection with the game, require grit.

The following are some of the qualifications necessary for those occupying different places in the field:—

FULL BACK.

Safe kicking; first class tackling powers; accuracy in fielding the ball.

This position, although perhaps the most important one in the field, might be considered dull as compared with the others, especially when your side is playing a winning game. Every dog has his day, and the full-back has his reward when he stops an almost certain try, by bringing off a brilliant tackle, or finds touch within a few yards of his opponents' goal line. There is no more exhilarating moment in Rugby football than when the full back—the forlorn hope of his side, with nobody behind him—dashes across the ground, and succeeds in grassing the flying wing three-quarter, when within five yards of the corner flag.

THREEQUARTERS.

A good turn of speed; accurate kicking with either foot; safe and unhesitating tackling power; ability to think and act quickly; ability to pass the ball and receive a pass with precision. They are the principal try-getters or should be. Unless, however, they are as good at defence as they are in attack, they are of little use to their side.

They should endeavour to save their forwards' feet and gain ground, by judicious touch finding.

A threequarter should first and foremost try to run AS STRAIGHT as possible. If he can, in addition, cultivate a swerve, so much the better.

The task of stopping rushes devolves more on the centres than on the wings, and it is their business also to open up the game and feed their wings without crowding them onto the touch lines. The work of the wings is to "go like smoke" when they receive the ball (they are the flyers of the XV.) and to run STRAIGHT. If a threequarter finds himself hemmed in with nobody to pass to, he must quickly decide on one of the four courses open to him, i.e. to find touch; to kick across; to drop the ball and dribble on; to punt over the heads of his opponents and RUSH.

HALVES

Alertness above everything; smart kicking; UNSELFISHNESS. A selfish half—especially if he be the scrum-half—is absolutely useless to his side.

One of their first duties is to mark their opposing halves, and prevent them getting the ball away to their threes.

The half's most important duty is to open up the game for his backs. To do this he must watch the ball carefully when in the scrum, and be ready to

pounce on it directly it comes out. Occasionally he may see an opportunity to dodge through himself but as a general rule he whips the ball out to his stand-off, and THEN FOLLOWS UP.

He should practice throwing the ball in from touch.

He should also practice placing the ball for a place-kick. Neither of these are easy to do properly, and sometimes the result of a game may depend on them.

FORWARDS

The hardest worked players on the field. They get most of the "kicks" and the threequarters most of the "ha'pence." They should be bigger and stronger than the outsides, and should be trained to a hair, with good staying power. They have to be everlastingly on the ball. Their energy should be unbounded. In fact one might say that the position of a forward is the most difficult to fill satisfactorily. They do not have so much time in which to decide on their plan of action as the outsides, and consequently have to come to a decision in a flash.

It is essential that the forwards work together and this entails much tiring, and not very interesting, scrum practice.

They must learn to lock well in the scrum and to form their scrum quickly. They must pack LOW.

One of the most important things to learn it to be able to BREAK UP QUICKLY. Wheeling; dribbling; heeling out; getting the ball from a line out and KNOWING WHAT TO DO WITH IT—all these things come with practice.

Remember that persistent HARD tackling tends to take the dash out of your opponents.

Forwards should "gallop," backs "streak."

I have only attempted to touch on some of the elementary qualifications necessary and (not being an expert, by any manner of means!) do not propose to attempt anything more.

April 24th. *Cadets v. Camp.*

The first Rugby match ever played by the Cadets.

This match against a Camp XV. was played in a steady downpour of rain. It was a forwards' day—a day for galloping tirelessly and persistently in a solid pack and thus wearing down the opposition. Getting and Larkins shone out conspicuously in a pack which did not exert every ounce of weight. The weather conditions demanded the concerted dash of the whole pack and the College was unfortunate in not having the speedy and hard-working Feldt amongst the forwards. The threequarters, while they defended well, and tackled solidly, lacked speed and initiative, and only occasionally gave glimpses of good offensive tactics. Still the ground was sloppy and the ball like lead and Burnett was often slow in feeding his line. One remembers a fine cut in on the part of Newman and a good straight run by Waller: these are the movements which threequarters should cultivate—the sudden speedy dashes which make for success. Showers at full-back was excellent. He handled a wet, heavy ball admirably and saved his side time and again. On a dry ground Showers should be brilliant and the XV. are fortunate in the knowledge that they have a dependable man in so important a position.

On the whole the Cadets played well against heavier opponents, and the score (8 points to nil) in favour of the Camp, bespeaks a fairly even game. The successful side included several good exponents of the game.

May 8th. *Cadets v. Sydney C. of E. Grammar School (2nd XV.)*

This game was played under as fine conditions as one could wish, recent rains having brought the Quarterdeck up to the desired state—soft but firm.

Our opponents won the toss and elected to defend the South goal. From the kick off they began to work into our 25 but Showers found touch well out of the danger zone. After about

10 minutes of play a scrum was formed and our forwards heeled out smartly. Burnett whipped the ball to Rayment, who, drawing his man, passed to Newman, to Collins, to Long, who made a determined run and was only just pulled down in time—one of the best combined movements of the game, as far as our threequarters were concerned. Shortly after this, from a line out near their goal line, Larkins secured and dropped over the line like a flash for a fine try. He however failed to convert from a difficult angle.

The game was gradually worked down to our end of the field and then came the finest try of the afternoon. One of their forwards punted high; Showers snapped it up in his own 25 and running strongly reached their 25 before their back brought him down. He transferred at exactly the right moment to Feldt, who was backing up, and the latter scored right between the posts. Showers converted. Our opponents now started to press us in earnest, and after a nice passing movement, one of their threes got over our line. This was converted. Shortly afterwards they scored again but failing to convert, left the scoring level at half-time. The second half was very exciting but the visitors were having rather the better of the game and scored twice before the final whistle went, but were not successful in converting either. Larkins made one big attempt to break through and Long also had a nice run. On another occasion Showers actually touched down but a held-up was given and our opponents broke away from the resulting scrum.

Getting, Gould, Howells, Feldt and Larkins were the shining lights in our scrum but all worked well. Our halves played a plucky game against heavier opponents, but our threequarters, although they played a good defensive game, were outmatched, and have much to learn.

Showers played a magnificent game and saved his side time after time.

Our team was as follows:—Full Back, Showers; threequarters, Long, Collins, Newman, Farncomb; halves, Burnett,

Rayment; forwards, Larkins, Getting, Nurse, Howells, Esdaile, Mackenzie, Gould and Feldt. (Capt.)

May 15. *Cadets v. King's School.*

Lost by a try, to a goal from a try.

The game was evenly contested and might have resulted differently but for the fact that our team seemed to lose its dash and vim in an unaccountable manner. After the display of dogged defence and spirited attack which characterized the previous Saturday's battle, the College supporters were disappointed with this supine showing against less doughty opponents. There were occasional bursts of bright and heady play to enliven a scrambling game. Thus within a few minutes of the kick off, the College scored electrically. Feldt broke away from a throw in and after a clever, dodgy run, passed to Larkins who handed off an opponent and got over. The kick failed. The visitors now began to press towards College territory and had two fruitless shots at goal, the home team being penalised for off side. The School was gathering and kicking splendidly, though their passing was very weak. Again and again they invaded College 25, with Feldt, Mackenzie and Nurse prominent in breaking the attacks. Showers kicked safely but was apt to get out of position and Rayment was the only home player who went down to the ball. Towards half time, College broke away and nearly scored. From a five yards scrum, Burnett passed out to Rayment, who sent to Collins: the latter passed too high and a golden opportunity was lost. A splendid run by School transferred play to College 25, where Watkins saved a dangerous attack, with Showers out of his place. At half time, College was leading by 3 to nil.

In the second half, School threequarters showed better combination and began a series of attacks. The College defence deteriorated and School scored nearly behind the posts as the result

of a fine bit of combined play. A goal resulted. One noticed the College threequarters taking "speculation" kicks within their own territory and passing the ball without making any appreciable headway. The School was now getting the better of all scrums and their halves were starting passing rushes from the throw in. Individual efforts on the part of the College and a fair amount of good luck, kept them from adding to their score.

Our team was as follows:—Full back, Showers; threequarters, Long, Collins, Waller, Watkins; halves, Rayment, Burnett; Forwards, Larkins, Getting, Feldt (Capt.), Howells, Esdaile, Mackenzie, Nurse, Gould.

May 22nd. *Officers and Cadets v. Ship's Company and Camp.*

This game resulted in an easy win for the Officers and Cadets, and afforded an opportunity for good individual play.

From the kick off, we commenced to press and after a series of scrums on the line, Skeet scored. Soon after, Showers made a good attempt to drop a goal but failed. A free kick was given in the Camp 25 and Collins was successful with the kick. The ball was then rapidly transferred to the other end of the field but Showers relieved. Collins made a fine run but was grassed when within a few yards of the line. Half-time came with Officers and Cadets well in the lead.

There was much scoring in the second half, Collins, Skeet, Moyes, Seton and Gould, all adding to the total, Moyes getting 3 tries in quick succession. P. O. Greening made a fine run just towards the finish and looked a certain scorer, but Collins, who had run back to assist the full-back, brought off a magnificent tackle, and saved the situation.

The final whistle left the Officers and Cadets winners by 43 points to nil.

Officers and Cadets XV.:—Full back, Showers; threequarters, N. I. Moyes,

Collins, Eng. Lt. Comdr. Larkins; halves, Surg. Skeet, 1st Lieut; forwards, Feldt, Getting, Nurse, Howells, Esdaile, Mackenzie, Gould, Armstrong.

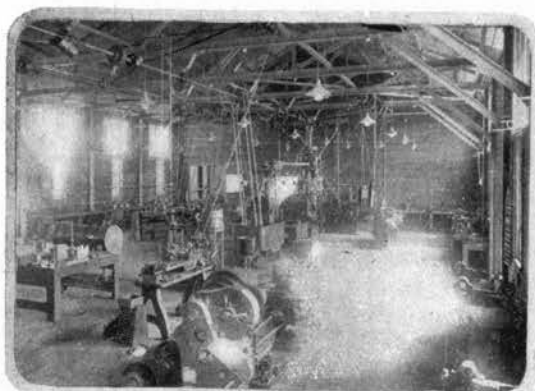
June 5th. *Cadets v. Newington College.*

Our opponents started off at a great pace, and owing to a misunderstanding on the part of two of our back division, got over for a try in the first minute, which they converted. We then settled down and play was very even for the rest of the first half. On one occasion Long intercepted and was only just pulled down 5 yards from the line. Within a minute of the half time whistle, Newman got the ball from the scrum and transferred to Collins who, running very strongly, dived over their line near the corner flag. Feldt added the extra points with a really fine kick, thus bringing the scores level.

They soon assumed the lead with another try which they again converted. Shortly after this, our forwards dribbled down to near their 25 and Long made a mark. Larkins took the kick and dropped a fine goal from a difficult angle. This was our last score, although Feldt nearly got over on one occasion. Our team appeared to slack off during the last ten minutes and our opponents succeeded in crossing our line twice. Both were converted, leaving them the winners by 20 points to 8.

Our forwards quite outplayed their opposite numbers, especially in the loose, Getting, Feldt, Larkins and Waller being prominent, although Howells, Gould and the others all put in good work. Our halves and threequarters were most disappointing. They fumbled their passes, were weak in tackling and never got going. Collins was the only shining light among the backs.

Our team was as follows:—Full back, Showers; threequarters, Long, Collins, Newman and Watkins; halves, Burnett and Rayment; forwards, Feldt, Getting, Larkins, Nurse, Howells, Mackenzie, Gould, Waller.



Machine Shops



Power House

A Hole in the Rules.

Perhaps I should tell you, before we go any further, that I am a Third Year Cadet-Midshipman and most emphatically not a Second, and that I do not like the ghastly game of Rounders. To start with, I never know whether, when speaking of Rounders, to say "it" or "them." Let that pass.

Now the Second Year, who cannot of course expect to beat us at any decent game, conceived the brilliant idea of engaging us at Rounders, knowing full well that we could not with honour refuse such a challenge.

The present Second Year played nothing but Rounders when at Geelong—in fact it was rumoured that they practised during the leave, so fond were they of the game. Naturally after so much practice, they have reached a certain proficiency, and on turning in on the night of the challenge, I must confess to a trifling anxiety as to the result. (Did I tell you that the Third Year had made me Captain?)

Defeat was unthinkable, but how could we be sure of victory? I felt a brain-storm sweeping over my horizon and suddenly I got it. Unintentionally I exclaimed the last two words aloud and got put in the report for talking after Rounds, but it was worth it. The Third Year would win. I knew it.

We will now get on to the actual game.

They won the toss; took first innings, and to our great delight, got caught out (a fluke, I must confess) before a rounder had been scored. They took the field murmuring about what they would do in their second innings.

We *did* have *one* Cadet who could generally make sure of hitting the ball, I promptly sent him in first, and he just as promptly smote the ball and scored a rounder. My plans were now complete and a win was assured. I seized the club firmly in my hand and stepped into the breach or onto the crease or whatever they call it. I then addressed the bowler, who was also the Captain. I said that I was under the impression that the laws of Rounders permitted the striker to instruct the bowler as to his method of delivering the ball, so that the said ball should fall in the spot most desired by the batsmen, and would be pleased if he would give me definite assurance that such was the case. He muttered that the answer was in the affirmative or words to that effect.

I then took up a suitable pose and directed him to toss the ball towards me. He did this twice, and I regret to have to record that I cleaned missed the stupid ball each time. This performance appeared to amuse the Second Year immensely, but their smiles were

doomed to disappear very shortly. I did not approve of his delivery of the next ball, and deftly catching it in my hand respectfully returned it to him with the remark that I hoped he would do better next time. The fact that it struck him on the tip of his nose was to be deplored.

He tried again and again, but with no greater success. I offered a suggestion that he should try with his left hand or try a change of bowlers, as I had heard the latter experiment had frequently proved successful on the cricket field. He merely set his teeth and continued to bowl balls which did not satisfy me.

By this time, all the Third Year who had been awaiting their turn to bat, had disappeared in the direction of the Canteen and were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

This fact could not be gainsaid: we were one rounder to the good with only five minutes left for play, and the excitement was intense.

The bowler was certainly suffering from an attack of nerves, and my suggestion that he should try some smelling salts to pull himself together, was rejected with what I considered unnecessary vehemence.

Shortly after this incident, the Officer of the Day arrived and ordered the game to cease.

We won. We simply couldn't help it. I was Captain.

"Bunkum."

The Ballad of the Two Half-crowns.

The other day, to our intense disgust,
A notice on the board said that we must
Play rounders on the quarterdeck so
green.

Ne'er more dejected group was ever seen
When for that fateful game we mustered
round

The Commander, who was on the tryst-
ing ground.

Then spake the first Lieutenant, and said
he:

If our side win, then I suggest that we

Receive a half crown for the dreadful
pain

We will endure to win this trying game.
Well, be it so, our trusty leader said,
And if we win we take the crown instead.

Forthwith with many mighty smites and
strokes,

We sent the rubber flying o'er the slopes
Of grassy turf. -But each side smote
with vigour

And neither could o'ercome the other's
vigour

In fielding. The keenness of the battle
Was such that all our previous petty
prattle

About the joys of drinks and Canteen
sweets,

Was swallowed up in one tremendous
thaw,

For the end was one unfair tremendous
draw!

L'aspirant.

Two Sketches.

BY THE CONVOY KING.

I.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE AUSTRALIAN ARMADA.

Scene, a certain harbour or rather a large bay in the West of Australia. Hills all round except at the entrance, which is studded with small islands. In consequence of recent boisterous weather, a long swell is rolling in but now the wind has dropped to almost a calm.

It is early morning, chilly and misty. Thirty-six transports are raising steam, columns of smoke are ascending from their funnels and drifting lazily over the whole panorama in filmy streaks. The transports are at anchor in three lines; some in the foreground are plainly visible, those at the end of the lines are mere outlines in the mist.

Unostentatiously, during the past week these ships have been assembling, each on arrival being directed to her allotted berth. They are to leave Australia to-day.

It has been a week of strenuous preparation. A continuous stream of ships has been proceeding in and out of the inner harbour, where they have completed with coal and water. Sick men have been landed; some have been discharged as unsuitable. Some of the transports require forage, others fresh vegetables; some had minor defects to be made good. The capstan engine of one was broken down and a cog had to be landed for repairs at the railway works. Everyone wanted more than it was possible to fulfil. The weather has been stormy and boatwork has at times been suspended. The resources of the little port have been strained to the uttermost, but now the last mail and the final orders have been distributed and we are ready to proceed. All that remains to be done is to press the button—and what then?—how will the merchant service shape when required to cruise in company?—here is a fleet, approaching in size to those assembled for Grand Fleet Manoeuvres. Will they get out of harbour all right? What sort of formation will they be in when outside? Will the merchant skipper funk keeping station in line? What will happen if we have to alter course suddenly at night? and, heavens, what if we are attacked! How long will it take to get a signal answered and obeyed? Well, we shall soon see. A signal is hoisted in the Flagship, the Orient Liner *Orvioto*, "Ready to proceed."

It is still twilight but everyone is on the alert; some repeat the signal correctly, as laid down in "Convoy orders"; some commence to weigh their anchors; some answer the signal incorrectly, others not at all—no matter, one must trust to luck and get on with the work. The dark shapes of two of our escorting cruisers, *Minotaur* and *Sydney*, are now seen smoothly gliding out of the inner harbour. The Japanese battleship *Ibuki*, belching out dense columns of smoke, emerges from another little anchorage and joins them. Our fourth guardian, the *Melbourne*, is also under way. For the last 24 hours she has been anchored as a watch dog at the entrance to the bay.

Now is our time to be moving. The first Division of transports is ordered by a rapid succession of signals to shorten in cable, to weigh, to turn together to S.E., to form line ahead in sequence of fleet numbers and to proceed at 10 knots. And they do it; not exactly like veterans—they make the usual mistakes of beginners and they certainly take no risks, but they string out of harbour in the proper order and none of the nine are missing. The line is perhaps a couple of miles longer than intended but they will do better next time.

The second division follows. As we turn to the westward round the headland at the entrance of the bay we see the three leading ships of this Division, the *Argyllshire*, the *Star of Victoria* and the *Geelong*, looming up. All the rest are lost in the mist and smoke which now enshrouds our anchorage. N.B. the *Geelong* is over a mile astern of station! The first Division is now ordered to reduce speed to 7 knots to allow the rear divisions to close up. It has been arranged that the Australian transports should cruise in three lines a mile apart, the ships in each being 800 yards from their next ahead. The ten New Zealand transports, being a separate organization, were to keep two miles astern of the Commonwealth convoy.

In an hour or so we, in the *Orvioto*, are well out to sea; it is daylight and clearer and we can see the whole of our Armada. The second Division slowly overhauls us and creeps gradually up on our port hand. Later on—hullo! what's this! The *Saldana* has rammed the *Armada* as sure as Jupiter made little apples! No. Missed her by a foot. Now the *Suffolk* is in difficulties. We see the whole of her broadside as she, for some reason or another, sheers out of line. Nothing to be done. Perhaps she will go back when her nerves are steadier.

In consequence of our reduction in speed, the first Division is becoming concertina'd. Now the *Pera* shoots out with even a bigger sweep. She has a signal flying "Port engine disabled"—What ho! but before anything can be

done, she signals "Engine repaired." Quick work that!

The second Division is by this time on our beam and they reduce speed to 7 knots and soon begin to perform exactly the same antics as the first. At one time they appeared to be one big succession of collisions but they straighten themselves out in time and no damage is done.

A little later the third Division, led by the huge *Euripides*, and keeping excellent station, come up on our starboard side and our fleet is complete. The New Zealand transports were the last to leave. They are already in position, steaming in two lines after us. Speed is now increased again to ten knots and we heave a sigh of relief and go down to breakfast.

II.

A FAIR KNOCK OUT.

Scene—the Indian Ocean, eight days later—the same fleet which is in the same order. Two more transports, the *Ascarus* and the *Medic*, carrying troops from West Australia, have since joined the convoy, thus augmenting our numbers to 38. The weather is much warmer. We are now well into the tropics. The sea is smooth and there is no land in sight. It is early morning; the decks are wet, not with dew exactly, but with the steamy moisture of the tropics.

We have lost one of our escort. The *Minotaur* disappeared astern yesterday morning, having been ordered off on service elsewhere. The *Melbourne* is now our leader and she is two miles ahead of the *Orvioto*. The *Sydney* is 4 miles to port, and the *Ibuki*, still smoking like a volcano, is the same distance away on our starboard quarter. The convoy having arrived abreast of the—the (oh, blow the censor!) the Cocos Islands, is now altering course two points to port and shaping course for Colombo, our first port of call.

Our convoy has straggled terribly during the night. The *Miltiades* and the *Clan MacCorquodale* are almost indistinguishable blots on the horizon. The New Zealand ships are treading on the tail of the Australian Divisions. Rude signals are flying about—A.X.K.P.K., A.W.J.,P.K. These don't sound much to a layman, but P.K. is a bitter insult when interpreted by the "Convoy Naval Orders." The Captain of the Convoy has a bit of a liver this morning and is working it off. A.X.K. and A.W.K. are the signal letters for the ships mentioned above.

Several other offenders come in for a milder reproach and a general signal is made calling the attention of all ships that the order to throw no floating material overboard is not being observed—"Please remember this is not a paper chase" is the final stab.

The fact is that during the past night all ships have been proceeding for the first time in absolute darkness. This has been a bit of a trial for the nerves of some of the officers on watch, and all ships were disinclined to approach too closely the barely visible black outline of their next ahead. Previously lights in moderation have been allowed but we were now approaching that part of the ocean where there was a possibility of our stumbling across an enemy cruiser. Also, yesterday evening, there were heard some mysterious cabalistic wireless signals. Not our signals; probably Dutch, possibly German.

At about 6.30 a.m. an excited messenger comes tumbling up the bridge ladder from the wireless office—"Wireless message, Sir—S.O.S. It reads, —'Strange cruiser at entrance. S.O.S., S.O.S.'" S.O.S. is the most urgent distress signal in the book. Something is up. The signal does not seem to have been made to anyone in particular; whoever made it does not know of our proximity. We repeat it at once to the *Melbourne*, but while this is being done we see that she has also got it and evidently knows where it originated. She signals "*Sydney* raise steam for full speed." In a few minutes smoke is pouring from the *Sydney's* four funnels,

and shortly afterwards having presumably received instructions, she dashes off at full speed in the direction of the Cocos Islands, which are not 50 miles off and a little abaft our port beam.

An hour passes. No news.

Another hour. Nothing keeps on happening.

Our early morning thrill is rapidly wearing off; breakfast has been stowed away and pipes are filling the air with fragrance. Then we get a real daisy off a thrill.

The wireless messenger, this time with no cap on, flounders up the ladder to the bridge, where the Convoy King is usually to be found. "From the *Sydney*, Sir. Enemy in sight." Ten minutes later up comes another, "Have opened fire. Enemy steering North."

Then a long wait. By this time all our decks were buzzing with rumours, Augmented by vivid imaginations, the news had spread to startling dimensions. The course the enemy was reported to be steering led us to expect her shortly to appear over the horizon, steaming straight for us.

The *Melbourne* displaying three enormous ensigns, took up a position on the port side of the convoy in anticipation, and the *Ibuki*, flying a Japanese ensign as big as a maintopsail, with her smoke ascending in a thick, black, spreading column, a mile in height, her bridges packed with hammocks and her guns bristling viciously, charged close across the van of the convoy at full speed, foaming at the bows and leaving a wake of creamy surge behind her a hundred yards across.

She did look fine, and she did mean business.

We intercepted a signal she was making to the *Melbourne* as she passed, "To be with the *Sydney* I want to do 'it."

Then another signal from the *Sydney*, "Engagement proceeding briskly."

Briskly! What a funny word to use. Perhaps we got it wrong.

You can imagine our excitement now—we could see nothing of the engagement, but occasionally, when people stopped chattering, one could distinctly

hear the boom-boom-boom—boom, of guns fired in a salvo.

The *Melbourne* and *Ibuki* were soon hull down on our port beam; it looked as if they would be participating before long and here were our 38 transports calmly punching along with the biggest excitement on earth taking place just below the horizon. However our job was to keep out of sight and to get to Southampton in secrecy and with all despatch.

Now a wild red-haired Toorak Highlander yells out "The Jap's firing on anither of 'em!" We looked. We looked. She was certainly manoeuvring in a strange manner. There might be "Anither of 'em." It was hard to keep one's glasses steady enough to make sure. The signal Boatswain, dry mouthed and pale with excitement, croaks out that he saw a flash from one of her guns. Then another signal, this time from the *Melbourne*—"Sydney reports that enemy has two funnels and foremast down."

Shortly afterwards another from the *Sydney*, "*Emden* beached and done for." Cheers—WILD CHEERS.

It was the *Emden*, after all. We had hoped for this but had believed it too good to be possible.

The tension was relieved, and loud and prolonged cheers, up and down the lines of the convoy, were given for the first fair knock-out by the Royal Australian Navy.

A Certain Day in April.

T'was on a day in April,

The 28th we'll say;

The sky was as its bluest

And so was Jervis Bay.

When lo! around the island

Three T.B.D's appeared,

Led by the Flagship *Warrego*,

Straight for the College steered.

They anchored off the breakwater.

Instead of watching them

We turned our faces to the board

And studied "pronouns", "fem."



Ship's Company
Quarters

Cadet-Midshipmen's
Dormitories
and Gunrooms.



We rowed across that afternoon
All keen to see the show,
But ere we'd seen a quarter,
Ashore we had to go.

* * *

T'was on a night in April,
The 28th I'm told,
When 28 Cadets were seen
All shivering in the cold.

Watching three Destroyers
Getting under way,
Sailing round the island
Out of Jervis Bay.

They tramped around the Captain's house
The lawns and flower bed
From ten o'clock till half past twelve
Ere they went back to bed!

—Anon.

Answers to Correspondents.

MUM.—No, we know of no way of reducing height save by the sheepshank method, which might be useful in your case. You should avoid walking under tram wires, as if you touch them with your head it will inevitably cause death.

FLIRTY.—Killariwebbre has held the wrestling championship ever since he won his bout with the Bony Miller.

Yes, 177 slumgluffs is certainly a good long jump for a 13 year old lad.

PADS.—Always treat balls on the leg side with dignified contempt. Or you may step out and cut them to fine slip. Failing either of these you should play back with a good flourishing stroke. If you get a good position, keep it for a couple of seconds, for nothing inspires the bowler with dread, or prejudices the umpire in your favour, more than this.

GEORGE.—No, horses do not thrive on petrol, but when mixed with fern leaves it is very nourishing.

MIGHTY ATOM.—Voice lozenges may be obtained at the Canteen, but in your case I would suggest an operation.

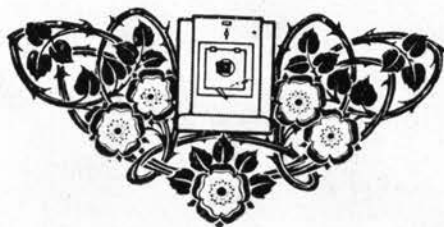
ENQUIRER.—Mt. Feathertop is about 7,000 feet high.

OFFICER.—Yes, it is a hard bird to kill and refuses to fall unless hit. If still alive after the sixth shot, I would advise the use of the butt.

SCRUM.—No, there is nothing in the rules against "lock" using any hair wash he may fancy. Your suggestion to the "lock" with the "Jockey Club breath," that he should change places with the break-away, was not very tactful.

(2) Certainly. If you trod on his face, he is allowed by rule 666 to retaliate by biting your ear at the line out.

(3) Rule number 999 distinctly lays down that a free kick shall be awarded if the full-back biffs, bumps or brutally bashes any opponent who is not in possession of the ball.

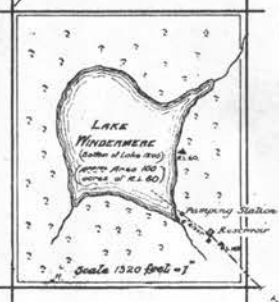
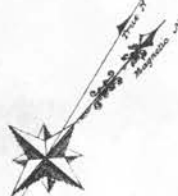


ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL COLLEGE

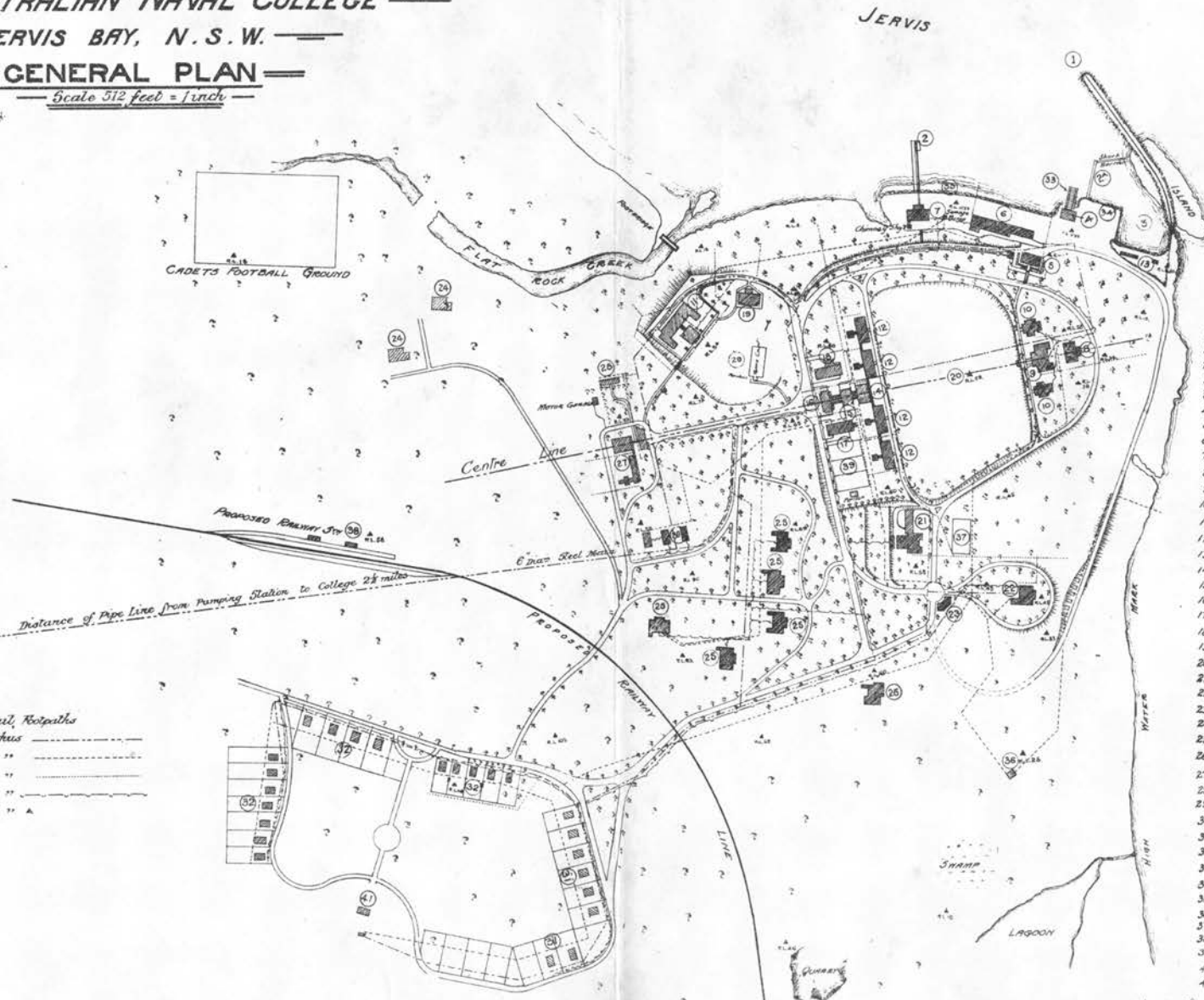
JERVIS BAY, N. S. W.

GENERAL PLAN

Scale 512 feet = 1 inch



NOTE
 This plan does not show Details, Footpaths
 Water supply Mains denoted thus ————
 Main Sewer " " ————
 Main Storm Water Drains " " ————
 Electric Supply Mains " " ————
 Ground Levels " " A
 Datum, = Low Water Level



REFERENCE	LEVELS
1 BEERWATER	11'00"
2 WHARF	11'00"
2 ^a JETTY	3'53"
3 BATHS	00'00"
4 BOAT SHEDS	11'50"
5 ADMINISTRATIVE BLOCK, WORKSHOPS	16'83" FL.
6 ENGINEERING WORKSHOPS	7'53" "
7 POWER HOUSE	12'53" "
8 LABORATORY	6'100" "
9 GYMNASIUM	6'100" "
10 GLASS ROOMS	6'100" "
11 SEAMENS BLOCK & MESS ROOMS	52'76" "
12 CADETS QUARTERS GUINROOMS	63'00" "
13 BATHING SHEDS	11'00" "
14 CADETS MESS ROOM	63'00" "
15 KITCHEN FOR CADETS	61'85" "
16 STEWARDS BLOCK	62'53" "
17 PAYMASTERS STORES	61'53" "
18 LAUNDRY AND COOL ROOMS	62'00" "
19 CANTEEN	56'35" "
20 THE QUARTER DECK	59'00" "
21 SINGLE OFFICERS MESS	55'34" FL.
22 CAPTAINS QUARTERS	38'50" "
23 ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING	54'00" "
24 WARRANT OFFICERS QUARTERS	61'00" "
25 MARRIED OFFICERS QUARTERS	65'00" "
26	65'00" "
27 HOSPITAL	30'00" "
28 ISOLATION YARD	31'00" "
29 SEAMENS RECREATION GROUND	54'00" "
30 NAVAL INSTRUCTORS	30'25" "
31 CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS	108'00" FL. 107'00" "
32 PETTY OFFICERS	17'48" 19'28" "
33 JUBILIS	11'55" "
34 RECLAIMED GROUND	11'50" "
35 SEA WALL	11'55" "
36 SEPTIC TANK	18'00" "
37 TENNIS COURT (OFFICERS)	48'00" "
38 RAILWAY STATION	58'00" "
39 TENNIS COURTS (CADETS)	62'50" "
40	62'50" FL.
41 SCHOOL	84'00" "

May Town *W. K. J. J. J.*
 DIRECTOR GENERAL OF WORKS DEPARTMENT OF HOME AFFAIRS
 Resident Engineer
DRAWING No 63
 3714

Be Healthy!

To be thoroughly healthy

You must take exercise.

Just try our health cure

ONCE!

Mr. . . . of Jervis Bay writes:—

"I suffered (and so did others) from insomnia and tried all remedies from a Canteen egg to No. 9 without success. Then a friend told me of your treatment. I tried it that night, and after six rounds of the Quarterdeck, with spurts every few yards, I slept soundly, and have gone to sleep at 'out lights' ever since."

Yours gratefully,

JOHNNY NUKID.

Exchange.

The owner of a very handsome

Barskit

beautifully upholstered in straw, will exchange same for

A Good Square Fight

either in the Gymnasium during a Sing-Song or on any other occasion of excitement.

Any breed of opponent would do (beagle preferred) big or small, provided he will put up a good show.

Apply— **BILL GRANT,**
Basketville,
Jervis Bay.

For Sale.

A Beautiful Sugar Elevator

Goes like a gramophone.

Warranted to make Engineer Officers and Stokers (not forgetting sailors) use strong language.

Will elevate the mind.

In fact will elevate anything but coal. Anyone purchasing will be elevated to the Beerage.

Price, Ten Dollars (Mexican).

Apply— **STEAM HAMMER,**
Bulguine Avenue.

Engagement Rings.

We beg to announce to the residents of Captain's Point that we have taken charge of the business lately carried on by "Willie," and hope by civility and strict attention to business, to merit a fair share of their patronage.

Latest Publications.

"How to Land in a Surf,"

BY E.S.N. AND H.A.M.

"Why I Prefer Ping-Pong to Cricket,"

BY W.L.R.

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

Try our famous

"Shinealt" Hair Plaster

Guaranteed to keep hair in part for a month.

USEFUL AT MEAL TIME.

Contains only the following ingredients—

Margarine	...	30%
Varnish	...	20%
Turpentine	...	35%
Brasso	...	10%
Flavouring	...	5%

A VARIETY OF THREE PERFUMES, viz.

Sulphuretted Hydrogen
Asapetita
Chloroform

Mr F. L. L. writes:—

"After using your lotion, I had half the table to myself for a week."

Found!

On the Quarterdeck, a Pocket Book marked J.V.S. containing the portraits of two young ladies—one dark and one fair.

Owner may have same on applying in person to Cadet-Gunner

NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

Dogs, Poultry, etc.

FOR SALE:—The well-known Jervis Bay Pack. These dogs are specially trained on individual lines—one finds the game, one barks, one digs, one kills, one wags his tail, one runs away. The latest arrival greatly adds to the number of breeds obtainable.

Write at once for particulars to

SPANNIBULLIER, POINTERVILLE.